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NARRATIVE

OF

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES,

&c.

VOL. I.

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NARRATIVE

OF THE

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES

OF

MONSIEUR VIOLET,

IN

CALIFORNIA, SONORA, & WESTERN TEXAS.

WRITTEN BY

CAPT. MARRYAT, C.B.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMANS,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1843.

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J. L. COX & SONS,
PRINTERS TO THE HONOURABLE EAST-INDIA COMPANY,
74 & 75, Gt. Queen St. Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

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PREFACE.

It is unnecessary to inform the reader in what manner I became acquainted with the party from whose notes and memoranda I have compiled these volumes. Of the authenticity and correctness of what he asserts I have myself no doubt, as he has been with me during the whole time which it has taken me to write the work, and I have had full opportunity for explanation and correction.

We had had many works relative to the Indian tribes of North America, with their past history and present condition;

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but the tribes of Western America are still but imperfectly known. Of these, consisting principally of the Pawnees, Black-feet, Crows, Comanches, Apaches, Arrapahoes, Wakoes, and Shoshones, only the three first may be said to have been examined. The Comanches have been visited by Mr. Catlin, but little has been known of their customs or history. The Apaches and Arrapahoes have only been met with, and not described; the Wakoes are wholly unknown; and as for the Shoshones, they have been merely mentioned by Ross Cox and Mr. Catlin, as a powerful body, but have never been seen by either.

The Pawnees, Black-feet, and Crows are of the Algonquin race, whereas the other tribes, which may well be called the Bedouins of the great Western Deserts,

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are all, as it will appear in this narrative, originally descended from the Shoshones, or, as they are usually called, the Snake Indians.

This work will, therefore, be found to contain much valuable information, not only as to the tribes of Indians, but also as to the countries of California and Western Texas, and the desert prairies in Central America, of all which territory we have been in as much ignorance as we have of those who inhabit it.

If the reader discovers an air of romance in this narrative, it must not be laid upon my shoulders. I have, as far as possible, softened down the tone of it; but romantic it certainly is, and must be, from its very nature.

Some of the descriptions, in the natural history of these countries, may surprise;

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but in unknown countries, unknown creatures must be expected to be met with. I can only say, that the accounts of them have been submitted to the severest investigation, and that I fully believe that they are correct, not only on that account, but from the respectability of the party who has furnished me with the details.

The opinions and occasional remarks which may be met with are not mine; I have merely written the work; and I have thought it right to make this short preface, that the reader may be satisfied how far I am, or am not, responsible for its contents.

F. M.

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NARRATIVE

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&c.

CHAPTER I.

THE Revolution of 1830, which deprived Charles the Tenth of the throne of France, like all other great and sudden changes, proved the ruin of many individuals, more especially of many ancient families who were attached to the Court, and who would not desert the exiled monarch in his adversity. Among the few who were permitted to share his fortunes was my father, a noble gentleman of Burgundy, who, at a former period and during a

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former exile, had proved his unchangeable faith and attachment to the legitimate owners of the crown of France.

The ancient royal residence of Holyrood having been offered, as a retreat, to his unhappy master, my father bade an eternal adieu to his country; and with me, his only son, then but nine years of age, followed in the suite of the monarch, and established himself in Edinburgh.

Our residence in Scotland was not long. Charles the Tenth decided upon taking up his abode at Prague. My father went before him to make the necessary arrangements; and as soon as his master was established there, he sought by travel to forget his griefs. Young as I was, I was his companion. Italy, Sicily, Greece, Turkey, Egypt, and the Holy Land were all visited in the course of three years, after which time we returned to Italy; and being then twelve years old, I was placed for my education in the Propaganda at Rome.

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For an exile who is ardently attached to his country there is no repose. Forbidden to return to his beloved France, there was no retreat which could make my father forget his griefs, and he continued as restless and as unhappy as ever.

Shortly after that I had been placed in the Propaganda, my father fell in with an old friend, a friend of his youth, whom he had not met with for years, once as gay and as happy as he had been, now equally suffering and equally restless. This friend was the Italian Prince Seravalle, who also had drank deep of the cup of bitterness. In his youth, feeling deeply the decadence, both moral and physical, of his country, he had attempted to strike a blow to restore it to its former splendour; he headed a conspiracy, expended a large portion of his wealth in pursuit of his object, was betrayed by his associates, and for many years was imprisoned by the authorities in the Castle of San Angelo.

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How long his confinement lasted I know not, but it must have been a long while, as in after-times, when he would occasionally revert to his former life, all the incidents he related were for years "when he was in his dungeon, or in the court-yard prison of the Capitol" where many of his ancestors had dictated laws to nations.

At last, the Prince was restored to freedom, but captivity had made no alteration in his feelings or sentiments. His love for his country and his desire for its regeneration were as strong as ever, and he very soon placed himself at the head of the Carbonari, a sect which, years afterwards, was rendered illustrious by the constancy and sufferings of a Maroncelli, a Silvio Pellico, and many others.

The Prince was again detected and arrested, but he was not thrown into prison. The government had been much weakened, and the well-known opinions and liberality of the Prince had rendered him so popular with

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the Trasteverini, or northern inhabitants of the Tiber, that policy forbade either his captivity or destruction. He was sentenced to be banished for (I think) ten years.'

During his long banishment, the Prince Seravalle wandered over various portions of the globe; and at last found himself in Mexico. After a residence at Vera Cruz, he travelled into the interior, to examine the remains of the ancient cities of the Western World; and impelled by his thirst for knowledge and love of adventure, he at last arrived on the western coast of America, and passing through California, fell in with the Shoshones, or Snake Indians, occupying a large territory extending from the Pacific to nearly the feet of the Rocky Mountains. Pleased with the manners and customs and native nobility of this tribe of Indians, the Prince remained with them for a considerable time, and eventually decided that he would return once more to his country, now that his term of banishment

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had expired; not to resettle in an ungrateful land, but to collect his property and return to the Shoshones, to employ it for their benefit and advancement.

There was, perhaps, another feeling, even more powerful, which induced the Prince Seravalle to return to the Indians with whom he had lived so long. I refer to the charms and attraction which a wild life offers to the man of civilization, more particularly when he has discovered how hollow and heartless we become under refinement.

Not one Indian who has been brought up at school, and among the pleasures and luxuries of a great city, has ever wished to make his dwelling among the pale faces; while, on the contrary, many thousands of white men, from the highest to the lowest stations in civilization, have embraced the life of the savage, remaining with and dying among them, although they might have accumulated wealth, and returned to their own country.

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This appears strange, but it is nevertheless true. Any intelligent traveller, who has remained a few weeks in the wigwams of well-disposed Indians, will acknowledge that the feeling was strong upon him even during so short a residence. What must it then be on those who have resided with the Indians for years?

It was shortly after the Prince's return to Italy to fulfil his benevolent intentions, that my father renewed his old friendship—a friendship of early years, so strong that their adverse politics could not weaken it. The Prince was then at Leghorn; he had purchased a vessel, loaded it with implements of agriculture and various branches of the domestic arts; he had procured some old pieces of artillery, a large quantity of carabines from Liege, gunpowder &c.; materials for building a good house, and a few articles of ornament and luxury. His large estates were all sold to meet these extraordinary expenses. He had also engaged

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masons, smiths, and carpenters, and he was to be accompanied by some of his former tenants, who well understood the cultivation of the olive-tree and vine.

It was in the autumn of 1833 when he was nearly ready to start, that he fell in with my father, told him his adventures and his future plans, and asked him to accompany him. My father, who was tired and disgusted with every thing, *blasé au fond*, met the Prince more than half-way.

Our property in France had all been disposed of at a great sacrifice at the time of the Revolution. All my father possessed was in money and jewels. He resolved to risk all, and to settle with the Prince in this far distant land. Several additions were consequently made to the cargo and to the members composing the expedition.

Two priests had already engaged to act as missionaries. Anxious for my education, my father provided an extensive library and

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paid a large sum to the Prior of a Dominican convent to permit the departure with us of another worthy man who was well able to superintend my education. Two of the three religious men who thus formed our expedition had been great travellers, and had already carried the standard of the cross east of the Ganges in the Thibetian and Burman empires.

In order to avoid any difficulties from the government, the Prince Seravalle had taken the precaution to clear the vessel out for Guatemala, and the people at Leghorn fully believed that such was his object. But Guatemala and Acapulco were left a long way south of us before we arrived at our destination.

At last every thing was prepared. I was sent for from the Propaganda—the stock of wines, &c., were the last articles which were shipped, and the Esmeralda started on her tedious, and by no means certain voyage.

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CHAPTER II.

I WAS very young then—not thirteen years old; but if I was young, I had travelled much, and had gained that knowledge which is to be obtained by the eye—perhaps the best education we can have in our earlier years. I shall pass over the monotony of the voyage of eternal sky and water. I have no recollection that we were in any imminent danger at any time, and the voyage might have been styled a prosperous one.

After five months, we arrived off the coast, and with some difficulty we gained the entrance of a river falling into Trinity Bay, in lat. 41° north and long. 124° 28′ west.

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We anchored about four miles above the entrance, which was on the coast abreast of the Shoshones' territory, and resorted to by them on their annual fishing excursions. In memory of the event, the river was named by the Indians—"Nu elejé sha wako;" or, the Guide of the Strangers.

For many weeks it was a strange and busy scene. The Prince Seravalle had, during his former residence with the Shoshones, been admitted into their tribe as a warrior and a chief, and now the Indians flocked from the interior to welcome their pale-faced chief, who had not forgotten his red children. They helped our party to unload the vessel, provided us with game of all kinds, and, under the directions of the carpenter, they soon built a large warehouse to protect our goods and implements from the effects of the weather.

As soon as our cargo was housed, the Prince and my father, accompanied by the chiefs and elders of the tribe, set off on an exploring party,

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to select a spot fit for the settlement. During their absence, I was intrusted to the care of one of the chief's squaws, and had three beautiful children for my playmates. In three weeks the party returned; they had selected a spot upon the western banks of the Buona Ventura River, at the foot of a high circular mountain, where rocks covered with indurated lava and calcined sulphur proved the existence of former volcanic eruptions. The river was lined with lofty timber; immense quarries of limestone were close at hand, and the minor streams gave us clay, which produced bricks of an excellent quality.

The Spaniards had before visited this spot, and had given the mountain the name of St. Salvador; but our settlement took the Indian appellation of the Prince, which was—"Nanawa ashta jueri ê," or the Dwelling of the Great Warrior. As the place of our landing was a great resort of the Indians during the fishing season, it was also resolved that a

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square fort and store, with a boat-house, should be erected there; and for six or seven months all was bustle and activity, when an accident occurred which threw a damp upon our exertions.

Although the whole country abounds in cattle, and some other tribes, of which I shall hereafter make mention, do possess them in large herds, the Shoshones did not possess any. Indeed, so abundant was the game in this extensive territory, that they could well dispense with them; but as the Prince's ambition was to introduce agriculture and more domestic habits among the tribe, he considered it right that they should be introduced. He therefore despatched the Esmeralda to obtain them either at Monterey or Santa Barbara. But the vessel was never more heard of: the Mexicans stated that they had perceived the wreck of a vessel off Cape Mendocino, and it was but natural to suppose that these were the remains of our unfortunate brig.

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All hands on board perished, and the loss was very heavy to us. The crew consisted of the captain, his son, and twelve men; and there were also on board five of our household, who had been despatched upon various commissions, Giuseppe Polidori, the youngest of our missionaries, one of our gunsmiths, one of our masons, and two Italian farmers. Melancholy as was this loss, it did not abate the exertions of those who were left. Fields were immediately cleared—gardens prepared; and by degrees the memory of this sad beginning faded away before the prospect of future happiness and comfort.

As soon as we were completely established, my education commenced. It was novel, yet still had much affinity to the plan pursued with the students of the Military Colleges in France, inasmuch as all my play hours were employed in the hardier exercises. To the two excellent missionaries I owe much, and with them I passed many happy hours.

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We had brought a very extensive and very well selected library with us, and under their care I soon became acquainted with the arts and sciences of civilization: I studied history generally, and they also taught me Latin and Greek, and I was soon master of many of the modern languages. And as my studies were particularly devoted to the history of the ancient people of Asia, to enable me to understand their theories and follow up their favourite researches upon the origin of the great ruins in Western and Central America, the slight knowledge which I had gained at the Propaganda of Arabic and Sanscrit was now daily increased.

Such were my studies with the good fathers: the other portion of my education was wholly Indian. I was put under the charge of a celebrated old warrior of the tribe, and from him I learnt the use of the bow, the tomahawk, and the rifle; to throw the lasso, to manage the

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wildest horse, to break in the untamed colt; and occasionally I was permitted to accompany them in their hunting and fishing excursions.

Thus for more than three years did I continue to acquire knowledge of various kinds, while the colony gradually extended its fields, and there appeared to be every chance of gradually reclaiming the wild Shoshones to a more civilized state of existence.

But "l'homme propose et Dieu dispose." Another heavy blow fell upon the Prince, which eventually proved the ruin of all his hopes. After the loss of the vessel, we had but eight white men in the colony, besides the missionaries and ourselves; and the Prince, retaining only my father's old servant, determined upon sending the remainder to purchase the cattle which we had been so anxious to obtain.

They departed on this mission, but never returned. In all probability, they were murdered by the Apaches Indians; although it is

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not impossible that, tired of our simple and monotonous life, they deserted us to establish themselves in the distant cities of Mexico.

This second catastrophe weighed heavy upon the mind of the good old Prince. All his hopes were dashed to the ground—the illusions of the latter part of his life were destroyed for ever. His proudest expectations had been to redeem his savage friends from their wild life, and this could only be effected by commerce and agriculture.

The farms round the settlement had for now nearly four years been tilled by the squaws and young Indians, under the direction of the white men; and although the occupation was by no means congenial to their nature, the Prince had every anticipation that, with time and example, the Shoshones would perceive the advantages, and be induced to till the land for themselves.

Before our arrival, the winter was always a season of great privation to that portion of

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the Indians who could not repair to the hunting grounds; while now, Indian corn, potatoes, and other vegetables were in plenty, at least for those who dwelt near to the settlement. But now that we had lost all our white cultivators and mechanics, we soon found that the Indians avoided the labour.

All our endeavours proved useless: the advantages had not yet been sufficiently manifest; the transition attempted had been too short; and the good, although proud and lazy, Shoshones abandoned the tillage, and relapsed into their former apathy and indifference.

Mortified at this change, the Prince and my father resolved to make an appeal to the whole nation, and try to convince them how much happier they would be if they would cultivate the ground for their support. A great feast was given, the calumet was smoked; after which the Prince rose and addressed them after their own fashion. As I had, a short time previous, been admitted as a chief

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and warrior, I, of course, was present at the meeting. The Prince spoke:—

"Do you not want to become the most powerful nation of the West? You do. If then such is the case, you must ask assistance from the earth, which is your mother. True, you have prairies abounding in game, but the squaws and the children cannot follow your path when hunting.

"Are not the Crows, the Bonnaxes, the Flat Heads, and the Umbiquas, starving during the winter? They have no buffalo in their land, and but few deer. What have they to eat? A few lean horses, perchance a bear; and the stinking flesh of the otter or beaver they may trap during the season.

"Would they not be too happy to exchange their furs against the corn, the tobacco, and good dried fish of the Shoshones? Now they sell their furs to the Yankees, but the Yankees bring them no food. The Flat Heads take the

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fire-water and the blankets from the traders, but they do so because they cannot get any thing else, and their packs of furs would spoil if they kept them.

"Would they not like better to barter them with you, who are so near to them, for good food to sustain them and their children during the winter—to keep alive their squaws and their old men during the long snow and the dreary moons of darkness and gloom?

"Now if the Shoshones had corn and tobacco to give for furs, they would become rich. They would have the best saddles from Mexico, the best rifles from the Yankees, the best tomahawks and blankets from the Canadians. Who then could resist the Shoshones? When they would go hunting, hundreds of the other natives would clear for them the forest path, or tear with their hands the grass out of their track in the prairie. I have spoken."

All the Indians acknowledged that the talk

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was good and full of wisdom; but they were too proud to work. An old chief answered for the whole tribe.

"Nanawa Ashta is a great chief; he is a brave! The Manitou speaks softly to his ears, and tells him the secret which makes the heart of a warrior big or small; but Nanawa has a pale face—his blood is a strange blood, although his heart is ever with his red friends. It is only the white Manitou that speaks to him, and how could the white Manitou know the nature of the Indians? He has not made them; he don't call them to him; he gives them nothing; he leaves them poor and wretched; he keeps all for the pale faces.

"It is right he should do so. The panther will not feed the young of the deer, nor will the hawk sit upon the eggs of the dove. It is life, it is order, it is nature. Each has his own to provide for and no more. Indian corn is good; tobacco is good, it gladdens the heart of the old men when they are in sorrow;

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tobacco is the present of chiefs to chiefs. The calumet speaks of war and death; it discourses also of peace and friendship. The Manitou made the tobacco expressly for man—it is good.

"But corn and tobacco must be taken from the earth; they must be watched for many moons, and nursed like children. This is work fit only for squaws and slaves. The Shoshones are warriors and free; if they were to dig in the ground, their sight would become weak, and their enemies would say they were moles and badgers.

"Does the just Nanawa wish the Shoshones to be despised by the Crows or the horsemen of the south? No! he had fought for them before he went to see if the bones of his fathers were safe; and since his return, has he not given to them rifles and powder, and long nets to catch the salmon, and plenty of iron to render their arrows feared alike by the buffaloes and the Umbiquas?

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"Nanawa speaks well, for he loves his children; but the spirit that whispers to him is a pale-face spirit, that cannot see under the skin of a red warrior; it is too tough: nor in his blood; it is too dark.

"Yet tobacco is good, and corn too. The hunters of the Flat Heads and Pierced Noses would come in winter to beg for it; their furs would make warm the lodges of the Shoshones. And my people would become rich and powerful; they would be masters of all the country, from the salt waters to the big mountains; the deer would come and lick their hands, and the wild horses would graze around their wigwams. 'Tis so that the pale faces grow rich and strong; they plant corn, tobacco, and sweet melons; they have trees that bear figs and peaches; they feed swine, and goats, and tame buffaloes. They are a great people.

"A red-skin warrior is nothing but a warrior; he is strong, but he is poor; he is not a wood-chunk, nor a badger, nor a prairie dog;

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he cannot dig the ground; he is a warrior, and nothing more. I have spoken."

Of course the tenor of this speech was too much in harmony with Indian ideas not to be received with admiration. The old man took his seat, while another rose to speak in his turn.

"The great chief hath spoken; his hair is white like the down of the swan; his winters have been many; he is wise; why should I speak after him, his words were true? The Manitou touched my ears and my eyes when he spoke (and he spoke like a warrior); I heard his war-cry. I saw the Umbiquas running in the swamps, and crawling like black snakes under the bushes. I spied thirty scalps on his belt, his leggings and mocassins were sewn with the hair of the Wallah Wallahs.*

"I should not speak; I am young yet and have no wisdom; my words are few, I should

* Indians living on the Columbian River, 200 miles above Fort Vancouver, allied to the Nez Percés, and great supporters of the Americans.

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not speak. But in my vision I heard a spirit, it came upon the breeze, it entered within me.

"Nanawa is my father, the father to all, he loves us, we are his children; he has brought with him a great warrior of the pale faces, who was a mighty chief in his tribe; he has given us a young chief who is a great hunter; in a few years he will be a great warrior, and lead our young men in the war path on the plains of the Wachinangoes,* for Owato Wanisha† is a Shoshone, though his skin is paler than the flower of the magnolia.

"Nanawa has also given to us two Makota Konayas,‡ to teach wisdom to our young men; their words are sweet, they speak to the heart; they know every thing and make men better. Nanawa is a great chief, very wise; what he

* Name given to the half breeds by the Spaniards, but by Indians comprehending the whole Mexican race.

† The "spirit of the young beaver;" name given to me when I was made a warrior.

‡ Two priests, literally two black gowns.

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says is right, what he wishes must be done, for he is our father, and he gave us strength to fight our enemies.

" He is right, the Shoshones must have their lodges full of corn and tobacco. The Shoshones must ever be what they are, what they were, a great nation. But the chief of many winters hath said it; the hedge-hogs and the foxes may dig the earth, but the eyes of the Shoshones are always turned towards their enemies in the woods, or the buffaloes in the plains.

" Yet the will of Nanawa must be done, but not by a Shoshone. We will give him plenty of squaws and dogs; we will bring him slaves from the Umbiquas, the Cayuses, and the Wallah Wallahs. They shall grow the corn and the tobacco while we hunt; while we go to fetch more slaves, even in the big mountains, or among the dogs of the south, the Wachinangoes. I will send the vermilion* to my young

* When a chief wishes to go to war, he sends to his warriors some leaves of tobacco covered with vermilion. It is a sign that they must soon be prepared.

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warriors, they will paint their faces and follow me on the war-path. I have spoken !"

Thus ended the hopes of making agriculturists the wild people among whom we lived; nor did I wonder, such as they were, they felt happy. What could they want besides their neat conical skin lodges, their dresses, which were good, comfortable, and elegant, and their women, who were virtuous, faithful, and pretty? Had they not the unlimited range of the prairies? were they not lords over millions of elks and buffaloes?—they wanted nothing, except tobacco. And yet it was a pity we could not succeed in giving them a taste for civilization. They were gentlemen by nature; as indeed almost all the Indians are, when not given to drinking. They are extremely well bred, and stamped with the indubitable seal of nobility on their brow.

The council was broken up, as both Christianity, and his own peculiar sentiments, would

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not permit the Prince Seravalle to entertain the thought of extending slavery. He bowed meekly to the will of Providence, and endeavoured by other means to effect his object of enlightening the minds of this pure and noble, yet savage race of men.

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CHAPTER III.

THIS breaking up, for the time, of our agricultural settlement took place in the year 1838. Till then, or a few months before, I had passed my time between my civilized and uncivilized instructors. But although educated, I was an Indian, not only in my dress but in my heart.

I mentioned that in the council called by the Prince I was present, having been admitted as a chief, being then about seventeen years old. My admission was procured in the following manner: when we received intelligence of the murder, or disappearance, of our seven white men, whom the Prince had sent to Monterey to procure cattle, a party was sent out on their

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tract to ascertain what had really taken place, and at my request the command of that party was confided to me.

We passed the Buona Ventura, and followed the track of our white men for upwards of 200 miles, when we not only could trace it no further, but found our small party of fifteen surrounded by about eighty of our implacable enemies, the Crows.

By stratagem, we not only broke through them, but succeeded in surprising seven of their party. My companions would have put them to death, but I would not permit it. We secured them on their own horses, and made all the haste we could, but the Crows had discovered us and gave chase.

It was fifteen days' travelling to our own country, and we were pursued by an enemy seven or eight times superior to us in numbers. By various stratagems, which I shall not dwell upon, aided by the good condition of our horses, we contrived to escape them, and to

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bring our prisoners safe into the settlement. Now, although we had no fighting, yet address is considered a great qualification. On my return I was therefore admitted as a chief, with the Indian name Owato Wanisha, or "spirit of the beaver," as appropriate to my cunning and address. To obtain the rank of a warrior chief, it was absolutely requisite that I had distinguished myself on the field of battle.

Before I continue my narration, I must say a little more relative to the missionaries, who were my instructors. One of them, the youngest, Polidori, was lost in the Esmeralda, when she sailed for Monterey to procure cattle. The two others were Padre Marini and Padre Antonio. They were both highly accomplished and learned. Their knowledge in Asiatic lore was unbounded, and it was my delight to follow them in their researches and various theories concerning the early Indian emigration across the waters of the Pacific.

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They were both Italians by birth. They had passed many years of their lives among the nations west of the Ganges, and in their advanced years had returned to sunny Italy, to die near the spot where they had played as little children. But they had met with Prince Seravalle, and when they heard from him of the wild tribes with whom he had dwelt, and who knew not God, they considered that it was their duty to go and instruct them.

Thus did these sincere men, old and broken, with one foot resting on their tombs, again encounter difficulties and danger, to propagate among the Indians that religion of love and mercy, which they were appointed to make known.

Their efforts, however, to convert the Shoshones were fruitless. Indian nature would seem to be a nature apart and distinct. The red men, unless in suffering or oppression, will not listen to what they call "the smooth honey words of the pale-faced sages;" and

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even when they do so, they argue upon every dogma and point of faith, and remain unconvinced. The missionaries, therefore, after a time, contented themselves with practising deeds of charity, with alleviating their sufferings when able, from their knowledge of medicine and surgery, and by moral precepts, softening down as much as they could the fierce and occasionally cruel tempers of this wild untutored race.

Among other advantages which the Shoshones derived from our missionaries, was the introduction of vaccination. At first it was received with great distrust, and indeed violently opposed, but the good sense of the Indians ultimately prevailed; and I do not believe that there is one of the Shoshones born since the settlement was formed who have not been vaccinated; the process was explained by the Padres Marini and Polidori to the native medical men, and is now invariably practised by them.

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I may as well here finish the histories of the good missionaries. When I was sent upon an expedition to Monterey, which I shall soon have to detail, Padre Marini accompanied me. Having failed with the Shoshones, he considered that he might prove useful by locating himself in the Spanish settlements of California. We parted soon after we arrived at Monterey, and I have never seen or heard of him since. I shall, however, have to speak of him again during our journey and sojourn at that town.

The other, Padre Antonio, died at the settlement previous to my journey to Monterey, and the Indians still preserve his robes, missal, and crucifix, as the relics of a good man. Poor Padre Antonio! I would have wished to have known the history of his former life. A deep melancholy was stamped upon his features, from some cause of heart-breaking grief, which even religion could but occasionally assuage, but not remove.

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After his death, I looked at his missal. The blank pages at the beginning and the end were filled up with pious reflections, besides some few words, which spoke volumes as to one period of his existence. The first words inscribed were: "Julia, obiit A.D. 1799. Virgo purissima, Maris Stella. Ora pro me." On the following leaf was written: "Antonio de Campestrina, Convient. Dominicum. in Româ, A.D. 1800."

Then he had embraced a monastic life upon the death of one dear to him—perhaps his first and only love. Poor man! many a time have I seen the big burning tears rolling fast down his withered cheeks. But he is gone, and his sorrows are at rest. On the last page of the missal were also two lines, written in a tremulous hand, probably a short time previous to his death: "I, nunc anima anceps; sitque tibi Deus misericors."

The Prince Seravalle did not, however, abandon his plans; having failed in persuad-

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ing the Shoshones, at the suggestion of my father, it was resolved that an attempt should be made to procure a few Mexicans and Canadians to carry on the agricultural labours; for I may here as well observe that both the Prince and my father had long made up their minds to live and die among the Indians.

This expedition was to be undertaken by me. My trip was to be a long one. In case I should not succeed in Monterey in enlisting the parties required, I was to proceed on to Santa Fé, either with a party of Apaches Indians, who were always at peace with the Shoshones, or else with one of the Mexican caravans.

In Santa Fé there was always a great number of French and Canadians, who came every year from St. Louis, hired by the Fur Companies; so that we had some chance of procuring them. If, however, my endeavours should prove fruitless, as I should already have proceeded too far to return alone, I was to

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continue on from Santa Fé with the fur traders, returning to St. Louis, on the Mississippi, where I was to dispose of some valuable jewels, hire men to form a strong caravan, and return to the settlement by the Astoria trail.

As my adventures may be said but to commence at my departure upon this commission, I will, before I enter upon my narrative, give the reader some insight into the history and records of the Shoshones, or Snake Indians, with whom I was domiciled, and over whom, although so young, I held authority and command.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE Shoshones, or Snake Indians, are a brave and numerous people, occupying a large and beautiful tract of country, 540 miles from east to west, and nearly 300 miles from north to south. It lies betwixt 38° and 43° north latitude, and from long. 116° west of Greenwich to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, which there extend themselves to nearly the parallel of 125° west longitude. The land is rich and fertile, especially by the sides of numerous streams, where the soil is sometimes of a deep red colour and at others entirely black. The aspect of this region is well diversified, and though the greatest part of it must be classified

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under the denomination of rolling prairies, yet woods are very abundant, principally near the rivers and in the low flat bottoms; while the general landscape is agreeably relieved from the monotony of too great uniformity by numerous mountains of fantastical shapes and appearance, entirely unconnected with each other, and all varying in the primitive matter of their conformation.

Masses of native copper are found at almost every step, and betwixt two mountains which spread from east to west in the parallel of the rivers Buona Ventura and Calumet, there are rich beds of galena, even at two or three feet under ground; sulphur and magnesia appear plentiful in the northern districts; while in the sand of the creeks to the south, gold dust is occasionally collected by the Indians. The land is admirably watered by three noble streams—the Buona Ventura, the Calumet, and the *Nú elije sha wako*, or River of the Strangers, while twenty rivers of inferior size

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rush with noise and impetuosity from the mountains, until they enter the prairies, where they glide smoothly in long serpentine courses between banks covered with flowers and shaded by the thick foliage of the western magnolia. The plains, as I have said, are gently undulating, and are covered with excellent natural pastures of moskito-grass, blue grass, and clover, in which innumerable herds of buffaloes and mustangs, or wild horses, graze, except during the hunting season, in undisturbed security.

The Shoshones* are indubitably a very ancient people. It would be impossible to say how long they may have been settled on this portion of the continent. Their cast of features

* The American travellers (even Mr. Catlin, who is generally correct) have entirely mistaken the country inhabited by the Shoshones. One of them represents this tribe as "*the Indians who inhabit that part of the Rocky Mountains which lies on the Grand and Green River branches of the Colorado of the West, the valley of Great Bear River, and the hospitable shores of the Great Salt Lakes.*" It is a great error. That the Shoshones may have been seen in the above-mentioned places is likely enough, as they are a great nation, and often

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proves them to be of Asiatic origin, and their phraseology, elegant and full of metaphors, assumes all the graceful variety of the brightest pages of Saadi.

A proof of their antiquity and foreign extraction is, that but few of their records and traditions are local; they refer to countries on the other side of the sea, countries where the summer is perpetual, the population numberless, and the cities composed of great palaces, like the Hindoo traditions, "built by the good genii, long before the creation of man."

There is no doubt, indeed it is admitted by the other tribes, that the Shoshone is the parent tribe of the Comanches, Arrapahoes, and Apaches—the Bedouins of the Mexican

send expeditions very far from their homes; but their own country lies, as I have said, betwixt the Pacific Ocean and the 116th degree of west longitude. As to the *hospitable* shores of the Great Salt Lake, I don't know what it means, unless it be a modern Yankee expression for a tract of horrid swamps with deadly effluvia, tenanted by millions of snakes and other "*such hospitable reptiles.*" The lake is situated on the western country of the Crows, and I doubt if it has ever been visited by any Shoshone.

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deserts. They all speak the same beautiful and harmonious language, have the same traditions; and indeed so recent have been their subdivisions, that they point out the exact periods by connecting them with the various events of Spanish inland conquest in the northern portion of Sonora.

It is not my intention to dwell long upon speculative theory, but I must observe, that if any tradition is to be received with confidence, it must proceed from nations, or tribes, who have long been *stationary*. That the northern continent of America was first peopled from Asia, there can be little doubt, and if so, it is but natural to suppose that those who first came over would settle upon the nearest and most suitable territory. The emigrants who, upon their landing, found themselves in such a climate and such a country as California, were not very likely to quit it in search of a better.

That such was the case with the Shoshones,

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and that they are descendants from the earliest emigrants, and that they have never quitted the settlement made by their ancestors, I have no doubt, for all their traditions confirm it.

We must be cautious how we put faith in the remarks of missionaries and travellers, upon a race of people little known. They seldom come into contact with the better and higher classes, who have all the information and knowledge; and it is only by becoming one of them, not one of their tribes, but one of their chiefs, and received into their aristocracy, that any correct intelligence can be gained.

Allow that a stranger was to arrive at Wapping or elsewhere, in Great Britain, and question those he met in such a locality as to the religion, laws, and history of the English, how unsatisfactory would be their replies; yet missionaries and travellers among these nations seldom obtain farther access. It is therefore among the better classes of the Indians that we must search for records, traditions, and

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laws. As for their religion, no stranger will ever obtain possession of its tenets, unless he is cast among them in early life and becomes one of them.

Let missionaries say what they please in their reports to their societies, they make no converts to their faith, except the pretended ones of vagrant and vagabond drunkards, who are outcasts from their tribes.

The traditions of the Shoshones fully bear out my opinion, that they were among the earliest of the Asiatic emigrants; they contain histories of subsequent emigrations, in which they had to fight hard to retain their lands; of the dispersion of the new emigrants to the north and south; of the increase of numbers, and breaking up of portions of the tribes, who travelled away to seek subsistence in the east.

We find, as might be expected, that the traditions of the Eastern tribes, collected as they have occasionally been previous to their ex-

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tinction, are trifling and absurd ; and why so? because, driven away to the east, and finding other tribes of Indians, who had been driven there before them, already settled there, they have immediately commenced a life of continual hostility and change of domicile. When people have thus been occupied for generations in continual warfare and change, it is but natural to suppose that in such a life of constant action, they have had no time to transmit their traditions, and that ultimately they have been lost to the tribe.

We must then look for records in those quarters where the population has remained stationary for ages. It must be in the south-west of Oregon, and in the northern parts of Upper California and Sonora, that the philosopher must obtain the eventful history of vast warlike nations, of their rise and of their fall. The western Apaches or the Shoshones, with their antiquities and ruins of departed glory, will unfold to the student's mind long pages

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of a thrilling interest, while in their metaphors and rich phraseology, the linguist, learned in Asiatic lore, will easily detect their ancient origin.

It is remarkable to observe, how generally traditions and records will spread and be transmitted among nations destitute of the benefits of the art of printing. In Europe, the mass were certainly better acquainted with their ancient history before this great discovery than they are in our days, as traditions were then handed down from family to family—it was a duty, a sacred one, for a father to transmit them to his son, unadulterated, such, in fact, as he had received them from his ancestors. It is the same case with the Indians, who have remained stationary for a long period. It is in the long evenings of February, during the hunting season, that the elders of the tribe will reveal to the young warriors all the records of their history; and were a learned European to assist at one of these "*lectures upon antiquity*," he would

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admit that, in harmony, eloquence, strength of argument, and deduction, the red-coloured orator could not easily be surpassed.

The Shoshones have a clear and lucid recollection of the far countries whence they have emigrated. They do not allude to any particular period, but they must have been among the first comers, for they relate with great topographical accuracy all the bloody struggles they had to sustain against newer emigrants. Often beaten, they were never conquered, and have always occupied the ground which they had selected from the beginning.

Unlike the great families of the Dahcotahs and Algonquins, who yet retain the predominant characteristics of the wandering nations of South-west Asia, the Shoshones seem to have been in all ages a nation warlike, though stationary. It is evident that they never were a wealthy people, nor possessed any great knowledge of the arts and sciences. Their records of a former country speak of rich moun-

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tainous districts, with balmy breezes, and trees covered with sweet and beautiful fruits; but when they mention large cities, palaces, temples, and gardens, it is always in reference to other nations, with whom they were constantly at war; and these traditions would induce us to believe that they are descendants of the Mancheoux Tartars.

They have in their territory on both sides of the Buona Ventura river many magnificent remains of devastated cities; but although connected with a former period of their history, they were not erected by the Shoshones.

The fountains, aqueducts, the heavy domes, and the long graceful obelisks, rising at the feet of massive pyramids, shew indubitably the long presence of a highly civilized people; and the Shoshones' accounts of these mysterious relics may serve to philosophers as a key to the remarkable facts of thousands of similar ruins found everywhere upon the continent of America. The following is a description of

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events at a very remote period, which was related by an old Shoshone sage, in their evening encampment in the prairies, during the hunting season:—

"It is a long, long while! when the wild horses were unknown in the country,* and when the buffalo alone ranged the vast prairies; then, huge and horrid monsters existed. The approaches of the mountains and forests were guarded by the evil spirits,† while the

* Horses were unknown until the arrival of the Spaniards.

† Skeletons of the mammoth are often found whole at the foot of the Grand Serpent, a long rugged mountain which runs for 360 miles under the parallel of 40° north lat. It extends from the centre of the Shoshone territory to the very country of the Crows, that is to say, from the 119th to the 113th degree west long. It is possible that this race may not have been yet quite extinct in the middle of the 17th century; for, indeed, in their family records, aged warriors will often speak of awful encounters, in which their great-great-grandfathers had fought against the monster. Some of them have still in their possession, among other trophies of days gone by, teeth and bones highly polished, which belong indubitably to this animal, of which so little is known. Mr. Ross Cox, in the relation of his travels across the Rocky Mountains, says, "that the Upper Crees, a tribe who inhabit the country in the vicinity of the Athabasca river, have a curious tradition with respect to these animals. They allege, 'that these animals were of frightful magnitude, that they formerly lived in the plains, a great distance in the south, where

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seashore, tenanted by immense lizards,* was often the scene of awful conflicts between man,

they had destroyed all the game, after which they retired to the mountains. They killed every thing, and if their agility had been equal to their size and ferocity, they would have destroyed all the Indians. One man asserted, that his great-grandfather told him he saw one of those animals in a mountain-pass, where he was hunting, and that on hearing its roar, which he compared to loud thunder, the sight almost left his eyes, and his heart became as small as that of a child's.' "

* A few miles from the Pacific Ocean, and at the foot of a mountain called by the Shoshones the Dwelling of the Monster, were found the remains of an immense lizard belonging to an extinct family of the saurian species. Within a few inches of the surface, and buried in a bed of shells and petrified fish, our old missionary, Padre Antonio, digged up fifty-one vertebræ quite whole and well preserved. They were mostly from twelve to eighteen inches in length and from eight to fourteen inches in diameter, measuring in all more than fifty feet in length. Of the tail and neck but few vertebræ were found, but there were many fragments of the ribs and of the leg-bones. All the vertebræ were discovered in a continuous line, nearly joined together. The head, to correspond with the other parts of the animal, must have been twelve or fourteen feet long, which would have given to the monster the almost incredible length of eighty feet.

The Prince Seravalle, while digging, in the fall of the year 1834, for an ammunition store on the western banks of the Buona Ventura, picked up a beautiful curved ivory tusk, three feet long, which, had it not been for its jet black colour, would have been amazingly alike to that of a large elephant.

Some pieces of it (for unhappily it was sawn into several parts) are now in the possession of the governor of Monterey and Mr. Lagrange, a Canadian trader, who visited the territory in 1840.

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the eldest son of light, and the mighty children of gloom and darkness. Then, too, the land we now live in had another form; brilliant stones were found in the streams; the mountains had not yet vomited their burning bowels, and the great Master of Life was not angry with his red children.

" One summer, and it was a dreadful one, the moon (*i. e.* the sun) remained stationary for a long time; it was of a red blood colour, and gave neither night nor days. Takwantona, the spirit of evil, had conquered Nature, and the sages of the Shoshones foresaw many dire calamities. The great *Medecines* declared that the country would soon be drowned in the blood of their nation. They prayed in vain, and offered, without any success, two hundred of their fairest virgins in sacrifice on the altars of Takwantona. The evil spirit laughed, and answered to them with his destructive thunders. The earth was shaken and rent asunder; the waters ceased to flow in the rivers, and large

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streams of fire and burning sulphur rolled down from the mountains, bringing with them terror and death. How long it lasted none is living to say; and who could? There stood the bleeding moon; 'twas neither light nor obscurity; how could man divide the time and the seasons? It may have been only the life of a worm; it may have been the long age of a snake.

"The struggle was fearful, but at last the good Master of Life broke his bonds. The sun shone again. It was too late! the Shoshones had been crushed and their heart had become small; they were poor, and had no dwellings; they were like the deer of the prairies, hunted by the hungry panther.

"And a strange and numerous people landed on the shores of the sea; they were rich and strong; they made the Shoshones their slaves, and built large cities, where they passed all their time. Ages passed: the Shoshones were squaws; they hunted for the mighty

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strangers; they were beasts, for they dragged wood and water to their great wigwams; they fished for them, and they themselves starved in the midst of plenty. Ages again passed: the Shoshones could bear no more; they ran away to the woods, to the mountains, and to the borders of the sea; and, lo! the great Father of Life smiled again upon them; the evil genii were all destroyed, and the monsters buried in the sands.

"They soon became strong, and great warriors; they attacked the strangers, destroyed their cities, and drove them, like buffaloes, far in the south, where the sun is always burning, and from whence they did never return.

"Since that time, the Shoshones have been a great people. Many, many times strangers arrived again; but being poor and few, they were easily compelled to go to the east and to the north, in the countries of the Crows, Flatheads, Wallah Wallahs, and Jal Alla Pujees (the Calapooses)."

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I have selected this tradition out of many, as, allowing for metaphor, it appears to be a very correct epitome of the history of the Shoshones in former times. The very circumstance of their acknowledging that they were, for a certain period, slaves to that race of people who built the cities, the ruins of which still attest their magnificence, is a strong proof of the outline being correct. To the modern Shoshones, and their manners and customs, I shall refer in a future portion of my narrative.

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CHAPTER V.

Every point having been arranged, I received my final instructions, and letters for the Governor of Monterey, to which was added a heavy bag of doubloons for my expenses. I bade farewell to the Prince and my father, and with six well-armed Indians and the Padre Marini, I embarked in a long canoe on the Buona Ventura river, and carried away by the current, soon lost sight of our lonesome settlement.

We were to follow the stream to the southern lakes of the Buona Ventura, where we were to leave our Indians, and join some half-bred Wachinangoes, returning to Monterey

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with the Mustangs, or wild horses, which they had captured in the prairies.

It was a beautiful trip, just at the commencement of the spring; both shores of the river were lined with evergreens; the grass was luxuriant, and immense herds of buffaloes and wild horses were to be seen grazing in every direction. Sometimes a noble stallion, his long sweeping mane and tail waving to the wind, would gallop down to the water's edge, and watch us as if he would know our intentions. When satisfied, he would walk slowly back, ever and anon turning round to look at us again, as if not quite so convinced of our peaceful intentions.

On the third night, we encamped at the foot of an obelisk in the centre of some noble ruins. It was a sacred spot with the Shoshones. Their traditions told them of another race, who had formerly lived there, and which had been driven by them to the south. It must have been ages back, for the hand of time, so

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lenient in this climate, and the hand of man, so little given to spoil, had severely visited this fated city.

We remained there the following day, as Padre Marini was anxious to discover any carvings or hieroglyphics from which he might draw some conclusions; but our endeavours were not successful, and we could not tarry longer, as we were afraid that the horse-hunters would break up their encampments before we arrived. We, therefore, resumed our journey, and many were the disquisitions and conjectures which passed between me and the holy father, as to the high degree of civilization which must have existed among the lost race who had been the architects of such graceful buildings.

Four days more brought us to the southern shore of the St. Jago lake. We arrived in good time, dismissed our Indians, and having purchased two excellent mules, we proceeded on our journey, in company with the horse-

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hunters, surrounded by hundreds of their captives, who were loudly lamenting their destiny, and shewed their sense of the injustice of the whole proceeding by kicking and striking with their fore-feet at whatever might come within the reach of their hoofs. Notwithstanding the very unruly conduct of the prisoners, we arrived at Monterey on the sixth evening.

The reader will discover, as he proceeds, that my adventures are about to commence from this journey to Monterey; I therefore wish to remind him that I was at this time not eighteen years old. I had a remembrance of civilization previous to my arrival among the Indians, and as we enjoyed every comfort and some luxuries at the settlement, I still had a remembrance, although vague, of what had passed in Italy and elsewhere. But I had become an Indian, and until I heard that I was to undertake this journey, I had recollected the former scenes of my youth only to despise them.

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That this feeling had been much fostered by the idea that I should never again rejoin them, is more than probable; for from the moment that I heard that I was to proceed to Monterey, my heart beat tumultuously and my pulse was doubled in its circulation. I hardly know what it was that I anticipated, but certainly I had formed the idea of a terrestrial paradise.

If not exactly a paradise, Monterey is certainly a sweet place; 'tis even now a fairy spot in my recollection, although sobered down, and, I trust, a little wiser than I was at that time. There certainly is an air of happiness spread over this small town. Every one is at their ease, every body sings and smiles, and every hour is dedicated to amusement or repose.

None of your dirty streets and sharp pavements; no manufactories with their eternal smoke; no policemen looking like so many knaves of clubs; no cabs or omnibuses splashing the mud to the right and to the left; and, above all, none of your punctual men of business

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hurrying to their appointments, blowing like steam-engines, elbowing every body, and capsizing the apple-stalls. No; there is none of these at Monterey.

There is a bay, blue and bottomless, with shores studded with tall beautiful timber. There is a prairie lawn, spread like a carpet in patterns composed of pretty wild flowers. Upon it stand hundreds of cottage-built tenements, covered with the creeping vine. In the centre, the presidio, or government-house; on one side the graceful spire of a church, on the other the massive walls of a convent. Above, all is a sky of the deepest cobalt blue, richly contrasting with the dark green of the tall pines, and the uncertain and indescribable tints on the horizon of these western prairies.

Even the dogs are polite at Monterey, and the horses, which are always grazing about, run up to you, and appear as if they would welcome you on your arrival; but the fact is, that every traveller carries a bag of salt at his

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saddle-bow, and by their rubbing their noses against it, it is clear that they come to beg a little salt, of which they are very fond. Every body and every animal is familiar with you, and, strange to say, the English who reside there are contented, and still more strange, the Americans are almost honest. What a beautiful climate it must be at Monterey!

Their hospitality is unbounded. "The holy Virgin bless thee," said an old man, who watched our coming, "tarry here and honour my roof." Another came up, shook us by the hand, his eyes sparkling with kind feelings. A third took our mules by the bridles and led us to his own door, when half-a-dozen pretty girls, with flashing dark eyes and long taper fingers, insisted on undoing our leggings and taking off our spurs.

Queen city of California! to me there is poetry in thy very name, and so would it be

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to all who delight in honesty, *bonhommie*, simplicity, and the *dolce far niente*.

Notwithstanding the many solicitations we received, Padre Marini went to the convent, and I took up my quarters with the old governor.

All was new to me, and pleasant too, for I was not eighteen; and at such a time one has strange dreams and fancies of small waists, and pretty faces, smiling cunningly. My mind had sometimes reverted to former scenes, when I had a mother and a sister. I had sighed for a partner to dance or waltz with on the green, while our old servant was playing on his violin some antiquated *en avant deux*.

Now I had found all that, and a merry time I had of it. True, the sack of doubloons helped me wonderfully. Within a week after my arrival, I had a magnificent saddle embossed with silver, velvet breeches instead of cloth leggings, a hat and feathers, glossy pumps,

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red sash, velvet round-about, and the large cape or cloak, the eternal, and sometimes the only, garment of a western Mexican grandee, in winter or in summer, by night or by day. I say it was a merry time, and it agreed well with me.

Dance I did! and sing and court too. My old travelling companion, the missionary, remonstrated a little, but the girls laughed at him, and I clearly pointed out to him that he was wrong. If my English readers only knew what a sweet, pretty little thing is a Monterey girl, they would all pack up their wardrobes to go there and get married; it would be a great pity, for with your mistaken ideas of comforts, with your love of coal fire and raw beef-steak, together with your severe notions of what is proper or improper, you would soon spoil the place, and render it as stiff and gloomy as any sectarian village of the United States, with its nine banks, eighteen chapels, its one *a-b-c* school, and its immense stone jail, very consi-

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derately made large enough to contain its whole population.

The governor was General Morreno, an old soldier, of the genuine Castilian stock; proud of his blood, proud of his daughters, of himself, of his dignities, proud of every thing—but, withal, he was benevolence and hospitality personified. His house was open to all (that is to say, all who could boast of having white blood), and the time passed there in continual fiestas, in which pleasure succeeded to pleasure, music to dancing; courting with the eyes to courting with the lips, just as lemonade succeeded to wine, and creams to grapes and peaches. But, unhappily, nature made a mistake in our conformation, and alas! man must repose from pleasure as he does from labour. It is a great pity, for life is short, and repose is so much time lost; at least so thought I at eighteen.

Monterey is a very ancient city; it was founded in the seventeenth century by some Portuguese Jesuits, who established a mission

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there. To the Jesuits succeeded the Franciscans, who were a good, lenient, lazy, and kind-hearted set of fellows, funny yet moral, thundering against vice and love, and yet giving light penances and entire absolution. These Franciscans were shewn out of doors by the government of Mexico, who wished to possess their wealth. It was unfortunate, as for the kind, hospitable, and generous monks, the government substituted agents and officers from the interior, who, not possessing any ties at Monterey, cared little for the happiness of the inhabitants. The consequence is, that the Californians are heartily tired of these agents of extortions; they have a natural antipathy against custom-house officers; and, above all, they do not like the idea of giving their dollars to carry on the expense of the Mexican wars, in which they feel no interest. Some morning (and they have already very nearly succeeded in so doing), they will haul down the Mexican flag from the presidio, drive away the

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commissarios and custom-house receivers, declare their independence of Mexico, and open their ports to all nations.

Monterey contains about three thousand souls, including the half-breeds and Indians acting as servants in the different dwellings. The population is wealthy, and not having any opportunity to throw away their money, as in the eastern cities (for all their pleasures and enjoyments are at no expense), they are fond of ornamenting their persons, and their horses and saddles, with as much wealth as they can afford. A saddle of 100*l.* in value is a common thing among the richer young men, who put all their pride in their steeds and accoutrements.

The women dress richly and with an admirable taste ; the unmarried girls in white satin, with their long black hair falling upon their shoulders; their brow ornamented with rich jewels when at home, and when out, their face covered with a long white veil, through which their dark eyes will shine like diamonds.

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The married women prefer gaudy colours, and keep their hair confined close to their head by a large comb. They have also another delightful characteristic, which indeed the men share with them; I mean a beautiful voice, soft and tremulous among the women, rich, sonorous, and majestic among their lords. An American traveller has said: "A common bullock-driver on horseback, delivering a message, seemed to speak like an ambassador to an audience. In fact, the Californians appear to be a people on whom a curse had fallen, and stripped them of every thing but their pride, their manners, and their voices."

There is always much amusement in Monterey, and what betwixt cock-fighting, racing, fandangoing, hunting, fishing, sailing, and so forth, time passes quickly away. Its salubrity is remarkable; there has never been any disease, indeed sickness of any kind is unknown. No toothache nor other malady, and no spleen; people die by accident or from old

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age; indeed, the Montereyans have an odd proverb: "*El que quiere morir que se vaya del pueblo*"—that is to say: "He who wishes to die must leave the city."

While remaining there I had rather a perilous adventure. I had gone with some of my friends to a great fishing party at the entrance of the bay, which, by the bye, is one of the finest in the world, being twenty-four miles in length, and eighteen in breadth. The missionary, Padre Marini, not being very well, had an idea that the sea air would do him good, and joined our company. We had many boats; the one in which the Padre and I embarked was a well-shaped little thing, which had belonged to some American vessel. It was pulled with two oars, and had a small mast and sail.

Our fishing being successful, we were all in high glee, and we went on shore to fry some of our victims for our afternoon's meal. During the conversation, somebody spoke of some an-

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cient ruins, fifteen miles north, at the entrance of a small creek. The missionary was anxious to see them, and we agreed that our companions should return to Monterey while he and I would pass the night where we were, and proceed the next morning on an exploring expedition to the ruins. We obtained from another boat a large stone jug of water, two blankets, and a double-barrelled gun. As soon as our companions quitted us, we pulled the boat round to the northern point of the bay, and having selected proper quarters for the night, we made a kind of shelter on the beach with the oars, mast, and sail, and lighted a fire to make ourselves more comfortable. It was one of those beautiful mild evenings which can be found only in the Bay of Monterey; the gentle and perfumed breeze softly agitated the foliage around and above us, and as night came on, with its myriads of stars and its silvery moon, the missionary having, for some time, raised his eyes above in silent contemplation, re-

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verted to scenes of the past, and of other climes.

He spoke of Hurdwar, a far distant mission in the north of India, close to the Himalayas. The Hindoos call it the "City of a Thousand Palaces;" they say it was built by the genii on the very spot where Vishnu had reposed himself for a few weeks, after one of his mystic transmutations, in which he had conquered Siva, or Sahavedra, the spirit of evil. Though not so well known, Hurdwar is a place still more sacred than Benares; people assemble there once a year from all parts, and consecrate several days to their ablutions in the purifying waters of the Ganges. In this noble city is also held one of the greatest fairs of India, indeed of all the world; and as its time is fixed upon the same month as that in which the Hindoo devotees arrive at the city, numerous caravans from Persia, Arabia, Cashmere, and Lahore repair to the spot, and erect their bazaars along the banks of the river, forming

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a street of many miles. The concourse collected at these times has been ascertained to number more than one million of souls.

There the Padre Marini had remained as a missionary for some years, all alone. His flock of converts was but a small one; he had little to do, and yet his mind could not be arrested by the study of all the wonders around him; his heart was sad; for years he had had a sorrow which weighed heavily upon him, and he was wretched. Before he had embraced the solitude of a monastic life, he had with him a younger brother, of whom he was very fond. The young man was a student in medicine, with fair capacity and an energy which promised to advance him in his profession. When Marini entered the convent, his brother went to Turkey, where men of his profession were always certain of a good reception, and for a long time was never heard of. At last, when the missionary was ready to start for a distant mission, he learned that

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which proved so destructive to his peace of mind. From Constantinople, his brother had gone to Persia, where he was residing in easy circumstances; but, ambitious of advancement, he had abjured the faith of his fathers and become a follower of Mahommed.

It was melancholy intelligence, and many were the tears of the good monk. The first year of his arrival at Hurdwar, he met with a Jewish merchant who had accompanied a Persian caravan. That man knew his brother, the renegado, and informed the Padre that his brother had fallen into disgrace, and as a punishment of his apostasy, was now leading a life of privation and misery.

Deep and fervent were now the monk's prayers to heaven; he implored forgiveness for his brother, and offered penance for him. Poor man! he thought if he could but see him and talk to him, he would redeem him from his apostasy; but, alas! his duty was in Hurdwar, he was bound there and could not

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move. One day (it was during the fair) he had wandered at a distance from the river, that he might not witness the delusions of Paganism, and his mind was intensely absorbed in prayer. Anon, unusual sounds broke on his ears; sounds well known, sounds reminding him of his country, of his beautiful Italy. They came from a little bower ten steps before him; and as past scenes rushed to his memory, his heart beat tremulously in his bosom; the monk recognized a barcarole which he had often sung in his younger days; but although the air was lively, the voice which sung it was mournful and sad. Stepping noiselessly, he stood at the entrance of the bower. The stranger started and arose! Their separation had been a long one, but neither the furrowed cheeks and sallow complexion of the one, nor the turbaned head of the other, could deceive them; and the two brothers fell in each other's arms.

On its return, the Persian caravan had

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one driver the less, for the apostate was on his death-bed in the humble dwelling of his brother. Once more a Christian, again reconciled to his God, he calmly awaited his summons to a better world. For two weeks he lingered on, repenting his error and praying for mercy. He died, and in the little jessamine bower where he had met with the Mussulman, the monk buried the Christian; he placed a cross upon his grave and mourned him long; but a heavy load had been removed from his breast, and since that time he had felt happy, having no weight on his mind to disturb him in the execution of his sacred ministry.

Having narrated this passage in his history, the Padre Marini bid me good night, and we prepared to sleep. I went to the boat, where, stretching myself at the bottom, with my face turned towards the glittering canopy above, I remained pensive and reflecting upon the narrative of the monk, until at last I slept.

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CHAPTER VI.

I FELT chilly, and I awoke. It was daylight. I stood on my feet and looked around me. I found myself floating on the deep sea, far from the shore, the outline of which was tinged with the golden hues of morn. The rope and stick to which the boat had been made fast towed through the water, as the land-breeze, driving me gently, increased my distance from the land. For some moments I was rather scared; the oars were left on shore, and I had no means of propelling my little skiff.

In vain did I paddle with my hands and the stick which I had taken on board. I turned and turned again round to all the points of

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the compass, but to no purpose. At last, I began to reflect. The sea was smooth and quiet; so I was in no immediate danger. The Padre, when he awoke in the morning, would discover my accident, and perhaps see the boat; he would hasten to town, but he would not arrive till the evening; for he was an old man, and had to walk twenty-five miles. Boats would be despatched after me; even the Mexican schooner which lay in the bay. The next morning I was certainly to be rescued, and the utmost of my misfortune would amount to a day of fast and solitude. It was no great matter; so I submitted to my fate, and made a virtue of necessity.

Happily for me, the boat belonged to an American exceedingly fond of fishing; and consequently it contained many necessaries which I had before overlooked. Between the foremost thwart and the bow there was half a barrel filled with ashes, some pieces of charcoal, and some dried wood; under the stern-

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sheets was a small locker, in which I discovered a frying-pan, a box with salt in it, a tin cup, some herbs used instead of tea by the Californians, a pot of honey, and another full of bear's grease. Fortunately, the jar of water was also on board as well as my lines, with baits of red flannel and white cotton. I threw them into the water, and prepared to smoke my cigarito. In these countries no one is without his flint, steel, tinder, and tobacco.

Hours passed so. My fishing being successful, I lighted a fire, and soon fried a few fine mackerel; but by-and-by the sun reached its highest position, and the scorching became so intolerable that I was obliged to strip and spread my clothes, and even my shirt, upon the benches, to obtain a shelter. By that time, I had lost sight of land, and could only perceive now and then some small black points, which were the summits of the tall pines.

As soon as my meal was finished, I don't know why, but instead of sleeping a decent

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siesta of two hours, the Spanish tonic to digest a dinner, I never awoke before sunset; and only then, because I began to feel a motion that was far from being pleasant. In fact, the waves were beginning to rise in sharp ridges, covered with foam; the mild land-breeze had changed into a cool sharp westerly wind.

A fair wind, however, was a comfort, and as I put on my clothes, I began to think that by making a proper use of the helm and standing upright in the boat, my body would serve as a small sail, when "He, he, hoe!" shouted twenty voices, on the larboard side of me. I started with astonishment, as may be imagined, and turning round, perceived, fifty yards from me, a large boat driving before the waves, impelled on by ten oars. It was filled with men, casks, and kegs, and one at the helm was making signals, apparently inviting me to stop. A few minutes after, we were close to each other; and I dare say our astonishment was mutual,—theirs to see me alone and

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without oars; mine, to behold such a wretched spectacle. They were evidently the crew of a wrecked vessel, and must have undergone frightful privations and fatigues, so emaciated was their appearance.

No time, however, was to be lost. All of them asked for water, and pointed to the horizon, to know in which direction they should go. My stone jug was full; I handed it to the man at the helm, who seemed to be the captain; but the honest and kind-hearted fellow, pouring out a small quantity in the cup, gave some to all his companions before he would taste any himself. The jug was a large one, containing two gallons or more, but of course was soon emptied.

I gave them a fried mackerel, which I had kept for my supper; they passed it to the captain, and, in spite of his generous denial, they insisted upon his eating it immediately. Seeing which, I shewed them nine or ten other raw fishes, two or three of which were heavy,

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and proposed to cook them. They sang and laughed: cook the fish! No; little cooking is wanted when men are starving. They divided them brotherly; and this supply, added to the honey for the captain and the bear's grease for the sailors, seemed to have endowed them with new life.

The captain and four of the men, with oars, stepped into my skiff. At that moment the stars were beginning to appear; and pointing out to him one in the east as a guide, we ploughed our way towards the shore, greatly favoured both by the wind and the waves. In a singular mixture of English, French, Italian, and Latin, the captain made me comprehend that his vessel had been a Russian brig, bound from Asitka, in Russian America, to Acapulco, in Mexico, for a supply of grain, tallow, and spirits; that it had been destroyed by fire during the night, scarcely allowing time for the men to launch the long-boat. No provisions could be procured; the boxes and kegs that

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had been taken in the hurry were of no use; that they had been rowing forty-eight hours, without food or water, and were ignorant of their distance from the shore; and, finally, that they had perceived my skiff a good half-hour before I awoke; thought it at first empty, but saw me rising, and called to me, in the hope that I would guide them to a landing-place. In return, I explained to him my adventure as well as I could, and made him promises of plenty for the next day; but I might have talked for ever to no purpose; the poor fellow, overpowered with fatigue, and now feeling secure, had sunk into a deep sleep.

At the break of day we made the land, at the entrance of a small river and close to some fine old ruins. It was the very spot where I had intended to go with the Padre. There were a few wild horses rambling in the neighbourhood; I cleaned my gun, loaded it again, and killed one; but not before the tired and hungry crew, stretched on the strand, proved

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by their nasal concerts that for the present their greatest necessity was repose after their fatigues. There were twenty of them, including the captain.

I had led too much of an Indian life, not to know how to bear fatigue, and to be rapid in execution. The sun was not more than three hours high, when I had already cooked the best part of the horse. All the unfortunates were still asleep, and I found it was no easy matter to awake them. At last, I hit upon an expedient which did not fail; I stuck the ramrod of my gun into a smoking piece of meat, and held it so that the fumes should rise under their very noses. No fairy wand was ever more effective; in less than two minutes they all were chewing and swallowing their breakfast, with an energy that had any thing but sleep in it. It is no easy matter to satisfy twenty hungry Russians; but still there is an end to every thing. One of them knelt before me, and kissed my feet. Poor fellow! he

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thought that I had done a great deal for him and his companions, forgetting that perhaps I owed my own life to them.

The men were tired; but when they heard that they could reach a city in the afternoon, they made preparation for departure, with great alacrity. We pulled slowly along the coast, for the heat was intense, and the rowers fast losing their strength. At one o'clock I landed at my former encampment. The Padre had, of course, left the oars, sail, and blankets. My skiff was rigged in a moment; and out of the blankets, those in the long-boat managed to make a sail, an oar and a long pole tied together answering for a mast. In doubling the northern point of the bay, I perceived the Mexican schooner and many boats, pretty far at sea. No doubt they were searching for me.

At six o'clock in the evening we landed at Monterey, amidst the acclamations of a wondering crowd.

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I was a general favourite, and my loss had occasioned much alarm; so that when I landed, I was assailed with questions from every quarter. The women petted me, some kissed me (by the bye, those were *d'un certain age*), and all agreed that I should burn half a dozen of candles on the altar of the Virgin Mary. There was one, however, who had wept for me; it was Isabella, a lovely girl of fifteen, and daughter to the old Governor. The General, too, was glad to see me; he liked me very much, because we played chess while smoking our cigars, and because I allowed him to beat me, though I could have given him the queen and the move. I will confess, *sotto voce*, that this piece of policy had been hinted to me by his daughters, who wished me to find favour in his sight.

"Dios te ayuda niño," said the Governor to me; I feared we should never play chess any more. "*Que tonteria, andar a dormir in una*

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barca, quando se lo podia sobre tierra firma!" (What folly to go sleep in a boat, when it can be done upon solid ground!)

I told him the story of the poor Russians, and in spite of his pride, the tears started in his eye, for he was kind-hearted. He took the captain into his own house, and gave orders concerning the accommodation of the crew; but the universal hospitality had not waited for commands to shew itself, and the poor fellows, loaded with attention and comforts, soon forgot the dangers which they had escaped. Fifteen days after they were sent on board the Mexican schooner, to the bay of St. Francisco, where a Russian brig of war, bound to Asitka, had just arrived. However, they did not part from us with empty hands. The Montereyans having discovered their passionate love for tallow and whisky, had given them enough of these genteel *rafraîchissements*, to drown care and sorrow for a long while. As to the captain he received the attention which his gallant con-

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duct entitled him to, and on the eve of his departure he was presented with a trunk, of tolerable dimensions, well filled with linen and clothes.

A merry night was passed to celebrate my escape. Guns had been fired, flags hoisted to recal the boats, and at ten o'clock in the night, the whole population was gamboling on the lawn, singing, dancing, and feasting, as if it was to have been our last day of pleasure during life.

Thus passed away four weeks, and I must admit to my shame, I had willingly missed two chances of going to Santa Fè. One morning, however, all my dreams of further pleasure were dispelled. I was just meditating upon my first declaration of love, when our old servant arrived with four Indian guides. He had left the settlement seven days, and had come almost all the way by water. He had been despatched by my father to bring me home, if I had not yet left Monterey. His intelligence was disastrous: the Prince had been murdered

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by the Crows; the Shoshones had gone on a war expedition to revenge the death of the Prince; and my father himself, who had been daily declining, expected in a short time to rejoin his friend in a better world. Poor Isabella! I would have added, poor me! but the fatal news brought had so excited me, that I had but few thoughts to give to pleasure and to love. My immediate return was a sacred duty, and, besides, the Shoshones expected me to join with them on my first war-path. The old Governor judged it advisable that I should return home by sea, as the Arrapahoes Indians were at that moment enemies of the Shoshones, and would endeavour to cut me off if I were to ascend the Buona Ventura. Before my departure, I received a visit from an Irishman, a wild young fellow of the name of Roche, a native of Cork, and full of fun and activity. He had deserted on the coast from one of the American vessels, and in spite of the promised reward of forty dollars, he was

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never discovered, and his vessel sailed without him.

General Morreno was at first angry, and would have sent the poor devil to jail, but Roche was so odd, and made so many artful representations of the evils he had suffered on board on account of his being a Catholic, that the clergy, and, in fact, all Monterey, interfered. Roche soon became a valuable acquisition to the community; he was an indefatigable dancer and a good fiddler. Besides, he had already accustomed himself to the Mexican manners and language, and in a horse or buffalo hunt none were more successful. He would tell long stories to the old women about the wonders of Erin, the miracles of St. Patrick, and about the stone at Blarney. In fact, he was a favourite with every one, and would have become rich and happy could he have settled. Unfortunately for him, his wild spirit of adventure did not allow him to enjoy the quiet of a Montereyan life, and hearing that

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there was a perspective of getting his head broken in the "*Settlement of the Grandees,*" he asked permission to join my party.

I consented that Roche should accompany me: with my servant and the Indians, we embarked on board of the schooner. Many were the presents I received from the good people; what with pistols, powder, horses, fusils, knives, and swords, I could have armed a whole legion. The Governor, his daughters, and all those that could get room in the boats, accompanied me as far as the northern part of the bay, and it was with a swelling heart that I bade my farewell to them all.

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CHAPTER VII.

NOTHING could have been more fortunate than our proceeding by sea. On the fourth day we were lying to, at a quarter of a mile from the shore, exactly under the parallel of 39° north latitude, and at the southern point of a mountain called the Crooked Back-bone. The Indians first landed in a small canoe we had provided ourselves with, to see if the coast was clear; and in the evening the schooner was far on her way back, while we were digging a cachette to conceal the baggage which we could not carry. Even my saddle was wrapped up in a piece of canvas, and deposited in a deep bed of shale. Among other things presented to

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me in Monterey, were two large boxes covered with tin, and containing English fire-works, which, in the course of events, performed prodigies, and saved many scalps when all hope of succour had been entirely given up. The Montereyans are amazingly fond of these fire-works, and every vessel employed in the California trade for hides has always a large supply of them.

When all our effects were concealed, we proceeded first in an easterly, and next in a north-westerly direction, in the hope of coming across some of the horses belonging to the tribe. We had reckoned right. At the break of day we entered a natural pasture of clover, in which hundreds of them were sleeping and grazing; but as we had walked more than thirty miles, we determined to take repose before we should renew our journey.

I had scarcely slept an hour when I was roused by a touch on my shoulder. At first, I fancied it was a dream, but as I opened my

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eyes, I saw one of my Indians with his finger upon his lips to enjoin me to silence, while his eyes were turned towards the open prairie. I immediately looked in that direction, and there was a sight that acted as a prompt antisoporific. About half a mile from us stood a band of twenty Indians, with their warpaint and accoutrements, silently and quietly occupied in tying the horses. Of course they were not of our tribe, but belonged to the Umbiquas, a nation of thieves on our northern boundary, much given to horse-stealing, especially when it was not accompanied by any danger. In the present instance they thought themselves safe, as the Shoshones had gone out against the Crows, and they were selecting at their leisure our best animals. Happily for us, we had encamped amidst thick bushes, upon a spot broken and difficult of access to quadrupeds, otherwise we should have been discovered, and there would have been an end to my adventures.

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We awoke our companions, losing no time in forming a council of war. Fight them we could not; let them depart with the horses was out of the question. The only thing to be done was to follow them, and wait an opportunity to strike a decisive blow. At mid-day, the thieves having secured as many of the animals as they could well manage, turned their backs to us and went on westward, in the direction of the fishing station where we had erected our boat-house; the place where we had first landed on coming from Europe.

We followed them the whole day, eating nothing but the wild plums of the prairies. At evening one of my Indians, an experienced warrior, started alone to spy into their camp, which he was successful enough to penetrate, and learn the plan of their expedition, by certain tokens which could not deceive his cunning and penetration. The boat-house contained a large sailing boat, besides seven or eight skiffs. There also we had in store our

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stock of dried fish and fishing apparatus, such as nets, &c. As we had been at peace for several years, the house, or post, had no garrison, except that ten or twelve families of Indians were settled around it.

Now, the original intention of the Umbiquas had been only to steal horses; but having discovered that the half a dozen warriors, belonging to these families, had gone to the settlement for fire-arms and ammunition, they had arranged to make an attack upon the post, and take a few scalps before returning home by sea and by land, with our nets, boats, fish, &c. This was a serious affair. Our carpenter and smith had disappeared, as I have said before; and as our little fleet had in consequence become more precious, we determined to preserve it at any sacrifice. To send an Indian to the settlement would have been useless, inasmuch as it would have materially weakened our little force, and, besides, help could not arrive in time. It was better to try and reach the post before the

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Umbiquas; where, under the shelter of thick logs, and with the advantage of our rifles, we should be an equal match for our enemies, who had but two fusils among their party, the remainder being armed with lances, and bows and arrows. Our scout had also gathered, by overhearing their conversation, that they had come by sea, and that their canoes were hid somewhere on the coast, in the neighbourhood of the post.

By looking over the map annexed to this volume, the reader will perceive the topography of the country. Fifty miles north from us were the forks of the Nu-elije-sha-wako river, towards which the Umbiquas were going, to be near to water, and also to fall upon the path from the settlement to the post. Thus they would intercept any messenger, in case their expedition should have been already discovered. Their direct road to the post was considerably shorter, but after the first day's journey, no sweet grass nor water was to be

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found. The ground was broken, and covered with thick bushes, which would not allow them to pass with the horses. Besides this reason, an Indian always selects his road where he thinks he has nothing to fear. We determined to take the direct road to the post, and chance assisted us in a singular manner. The Indians and my old servant were asleep, while I was watching with the Irishman Roche. I soon became aware that something was moving in the prairie behind us, but what, I could not make out. The buffaloes never came so far west, and it was not the season for the wolves. I crawled out of our bush, and after a few minutes found myself in the middle of a band of horses who had not allowed themselves to be taken, but had followed the tracks of their companions, to know what had become of them. I returned, awoke the Indians, and told them ; they started with their lassos, while I and Roche remained to sleep.

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Long before morn the Indian scout guided us to three miles westward, behind a swell of the prairie. It was an excellent precaution, which prevented any Umbiqua straggler from perceiving us, a rather disagreeable event, which would have undoubtedly happened, as we were camped only two miles from them, and the prairie was flat until you came to the swell just mentioned. There we beheld seven strong horses, bridled with our lassoes. We had no saddles; but necessity rides without one. The Indians had also killed a one-year-old colt, and taken enough of the meat to last us two days; so that when we started (and we did so long before the Umbiquas began to stir) we had the prospect of reaching the fishing-post thirty hours before them.

We knew that they would rest two hours in the day, as they were naturally anxious to keep their stolen horses in good condition, having a long journey before them ere they would enter into their own territory. With us, the case

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was different; there were but forty miles, which we could travel on horseback, and we did not care what became of the animals afterwards. Consequently, we did not spare their legs; the spirited things, plump as they were, having grazed two months without any labour, carried us fast enough. When we halted, on the bank of a small river, to water them and let them breathe, they did not appear much tired, although we had had a run of twenty-eight miles.

At about eleven o'clock we reached the confines of the rocky ground; here we rested for three hours, and took a meal, of which we were very much in want, having tasted nothing but berries and plums since our departure from the schooner, for we had been so much engrossed by the digging of the *cachette* that we had forgotten to take with us any kind of provision.

Our flight, or, to say better, our journey, passed without any thing remarkable. We

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arrived, as we had expected, a day and a half before the Umbiquas: and, of course, were prepared for them. The squaws, children, and valuables were already in the boat-house with plenty of water, in case the enemy should attempt to fire it. The presence of a hostile war-party had been singularly discovered two days before; three children having gone to a little bay at a short distance from the post, to catch some young seals, discovered four canoes secured at the foot of a rock, while, a little farther, two young men were seated near a fire, cooking comfortably one of the seals they had taken. Of course the children returned home, and the only three men who had been left at the post (three old men) went after their scalps. They had not returned when we arrived; but in the evening they entered the river with the scalps of the two Umbiquas, whom they had surprised, and the canoes, which were safely deposited in the store.

Our position was indeed a strong one.

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Fronting us to the north, we had a large and rapid river; on the south we were flanked by a ditch forty feet broad and ten feet deep, which isolated the building from a fine open ground, without any bush, tree, or cover; the two wings were formed by small brick towers twenty feet high, with loop-holes, and a door ten feet from the ground; the ladder to which, of course, we took inside. The only other entrance, the main one in fact, was by water; but it could be approached only by swimming. The fort was built of stone and brick, while the door, made of thick posts, and lined with sheets of copper, would have defied, for a long time, the power of their axes or fire. Our only anxiety was about the inflammable quality of the roof, which was covered with pine shingles. Against such an accident, however, we prepared ourselves, by carrying water to the upper rooms, and we could at any time, if it became necessary, open holes in the roof, for the greater facility of extinguishing the fire.

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In the meantime, we covered it with a coat of clay in the parts which were most exposed.

We were now ten men, seven of us armed with firearms and pretty certain of our aim; we had also sixteen women and nine children, boys and girls, to whom various posts were assigned, in case of a night attack. The six warriors who had gone to the settlement for firearms would return in a short time, and till then we had nothing to do but to be cautious, to wait for the enemy, and even bear their first attack without using our firearms, that they might not suspect our strength inside. One of the old men, a cunning fellow, who had served his time as a brave warrior, hit upon a plan which we followed. He proposed that another man should accompany him to the neighbourhood of the place where the canoes had been concealed, and keep up the fires, so that the smoke should lull all suspicion. The Umbiquas, on their arrival before the post, would indubitably send one of their men

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to call the canoe keepers; this one they would endeavour to take alive, and bring him to the post. One of the canoes was consequently launched in the river, and late in the evening the two Indians well armed with fusils started on this expedition.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE Umbiquas came at last; their want of precaution shewed their certainty of success. At all events, they did not suspect there were any firearms in the block-house, for they halted within fifty yards from the eastern tower, and it required more than persuasion to prevent Roche from firing. The horses were not with them, but before long we saw the animals on the other side of the river, in a little open prairie, under the care of two of their party, who had swam them over, two or three miles above, for the double purpose of having them at hand in case of emergency and of giving them the advantage of better grazing

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than they could possibly find on our side. This was an event which we had not reckoned upon, yet, after all, it proved to be a great advantage to us.

The savages, making a very close inspection of the outer buildings, soon became convinced of the utter impossibility of attacking the place by any ordinary means. They shot some arrows and once fired with a fusil at the loop-holes, to ascertain if there were any men within capable of fighting; but as we kept perfectly quiet, their confidence augmented; and some followed the banks of the river, to see what could be effected at the principal entrance. Having ascertained the nature of its material, they seemed rather disappointed, and retired to about one hundred yards, to concert their plans.

It was clear that some of them were for firing the building; but, as we could distinguish by their gestures, these were comparatively few. Others seemed to represent that, by

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doing so, they would indubitably consume the property inside, which they were not willing to destroy, especially as there was so little danger to be feared from within. At last one, who seemed to be a chief, pointed first with his fingers in the direction where their canoes had been left; he pointed also to the river, and then behind him to the point of the horizon where the sun rises. After he had ceased talking, two of his men rose, and went away to the south-west. Their plan was very evident. These two men, joined with the two others that had been left in charge, were to bring the canoes round the point and enter the river. It would take them the whole night to effect this, and at sunrise they would attack and destroy the front door with their tomahawks.

With the darkness of night, a certain degree of anxiety came over us, for we knew not what devilish plan the Indians might hit upon; I placed sentries in every corner of the block-

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house, and we waited in silence; while our enemies, having lighted a large fire, cooked their victuals, and though we could not hear the import of their words, it was evident that they considered the post as in their power. Half of them, however, laid down to sleep, and towards midnight the stillness was uninterrupted by any sound, whilst their half-burnt logs ceased to throw up their bright flames. Knowing how busy we should be in the morning, I thought that till then I could not do better than refresh myself by a few hours' repose; I was mistaken.

I had scarcely closed my eyes, when I heard the dull and regular noise of the axe upon trees. I looked cautiously; the sounds proceeded from the distance, and upon the shores of the river, and behind the camp of the savages, dark forms were moving in every direction, and we at last discovered that the Umbiquas were making ladders to scale the upper doors of our little towers. This, of

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course, was to us a matter of little or no consideration, as we were well prepared to receive them; yet we determined not to let them know our strength within, until the last moment, when we should be certain, with our firearms, to bring down five of them at the first discharge. Our Indians took their bows and selected only such arrows as were used by their children when fishing, so that the hostile party might attribute their wounds and the defence of the building to a few bold and resolute boys.

At morn, the Umbiquas made their appearance with two ladders, each carried by three men, while others were lingering about and giving directions more by sign than by word. They often looked toward the loop-holes, but the light of day was yet too faint for their glances to detect us; and besides they were lulled into perfect security by the dead silence we had kept during the whole night. Indeed, they thought the boat-house had been deserted,

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and the certain degree of caution with which they proceeded was more the effect of savage cunning and nature than the fear of being seen or of meeting with any kind of resistance.

The two ladders were fixed against one of the towers, and an Indian ascended upon each; at first they cast an inquisitive glance through the holes on both sides of the door, but we concealed ourselves. Then all the Umbiquas formed in a circle round the ladders, with their bows and spears, watching the loop-holes. At the chief's command, the first blows were struck, and the Indians on the ladders began to batter both doors with their tomahawks. While in the act of striking for the third time, the Umbiqua on the eastern door staggered and fell down the ladder; his breast had been pierced by an arrow. At the same moment a loud scream from the other tower shewed that there also we had had the same success.

The Umbiquas retired precipitately with their dead, uttering a yell of disappointment and

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rage, to which three of our boys, being ordered so to do, responded with a shrill war-whoop of defiance. This made the Umbiquas quite frantic, but they were now more prudent. The arrows that had killed their comrades were children-arrows; still there could be no doubt but that they had been shot by warriors. They retired behind a projecting rock on the bank of the river, only thirty yards in our front, but quite protected from our missiles. There they formed a council of war, and waited for their men and canoes, which they expected to have arrived long before. At that moment, the light fog which had been hovering over the river was dispersed, the other shore became visible, and shewed us a sight which arrested our attention. There, too, the drama of destruction was acting, although on a smaller scale.

Just opposite to us was a canoe; the same in which our two Indians had gone upon their expedition the day before. The two Umbiquas keeping the stolen horses were a few yards

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from it; they had apparently discovered it a few minutes before, and were uncertain what course to pursue; they had heard both the war-whoop and the yell of their own people, and were not a little puzzled; but as soon as the fog was entirely gone, they perceived their party, where they had sheltered themselves, and, probably in obedience to some signals from it, they prepared to cross the river. At the very moment they were untying the canoe, there was a flash and two sharp reports; the Indians fell down—they were dead. Our two scouts, who were concealed behind some bushes, then appeared, and began coolly to take the scalps, regardless of a shower of arrows from the yelling and disappointed Umbiquas. Nor was this all: in their rage and anxiety, our enemies had exposed themselves beyond the protection of the rock; they presented a fair mark, and just as the chief was looking behind him, to see if there was any movement to fear from the boat-

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house, four more of his men fell under our fire.

The horrible yells which followed, I can never describe, although the events of this, my first fight, are yet fresh in my mind. The Umbiquas took their dead, and turned to the east, in the direction of the mountains, which they believed would be their only means of escaping destruction. They were now reduced to only ten men, and their appearance was melancholy and dejected. They felt that they were doomed never more to return to their own home.

We gathered from our scouts opposite, that the six warriors of the post had returned from the settlement, and lay somewhere in ambush; this decided us. Descending by the ladders which the Indians had left behind them, we entered the prairie path, so as to bar their retreat in every direction.

Let me wind up this tale of slaughter. The Umbiquas fell headlong on the ambush, by

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which four more of them were killed; the remainder dispersed in the prairie, where they tried in vain to obtain a momentary refuge in the chasms. Before mid-day they were all destroyed, except one, who escaped by crossing the river. However, he never saw his home again; for, a long time afterwards, the Umbiquas declared that not one ever returned from that fatal horse-stealing expedition.

Thus ended my first fight; and yet I had not myself drawn a single trigger. Many a time I took a certain aim; but my heart beat quick, and I felt queer at the idea of taking the life of a man. This did not prevent me from being highly complimented; henceforward Owato Wanisha was a warrior.

The next day I left the boat-house with my own party, I mean the seven of us who had come from Monterey. Being all well mounted, we shortly reached the settlement, from which I had been absent more than three months.

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Events had turned out better than I had anticipated. My father seemed to recover rapidly from the shock he had received. Our tribe, in a fierce inroad upon the southern country of the Crows, had inflicted upon them a severe punishment. Our men returned with a hundred and fifty scalps, four hundred horses, and all the stock of blankets and tobacco which the Crows had a short time before obtained from the Yankees in exchange for their furs. For a long time, the Crows were dispirited and nearly broken down, and this year they scarcely dared to resort to their own hunting-grounds. The following is a narrative of the death of the Prince Seravalle, as I heard it from individuals who were present.

The year after we had arrived from Europe, the Prince had an opportunity of sending letters to St. Louis, Missouri, by a company of traders homeward bound. More than three years had elapsed without any answer; but a few days after my departure for Monterey, the

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Prince having heard from a party of Shoshones, on their return from Fort Hall, that a large caravan was expected there, he resolved to proceed to the fort himself, for the double purpose of purchasing several articles of hardware, which we were in need of, and also of forwarding other instructions to St. Louis.

Upon his arrival at the fort, he was agreeably surprised at finding, not only letters for him, together with various bales of goods, but also a French *savant*, bound to California, whither he had been sent by some scientific society He was recommended to us by the Bishop, and the President of the college, at St. Louis, and had brought with him as guides five French trappers, who had passed many years of their lives rambling from the Rocky Mountains to the southern shores of Lower California.

The Prince left his Shoshones at the fort, to bring on the goods at a fitting occasion, and, in

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company with his new guests, retraced his steps towards our settlement. On the second day of their journey they met with a strong war-party of the Crows, but as the Shoshones were then at peace with all their neighbours, no fear had been entertained. The faithless Crows, however, unaware, as well as the Prince, of the close vicinity of a Shoshone hunting-party, resolved not to let escape an opportunity of obtaining a rich booty without much danger. They allowed the white men to pursue their way, but followed them at a distance, and in the evening surprised them in their encampment so suddenly that they had not even time to seize their arms.

The prisoners, with their horses and luggage, were conducted to the spot where their captors had halted, and a council was formed immediately. The Prince, addressing the chief, reproached him bitterly with his treachery; little did he know of the Crows, who are certainly the greatest rascals among the mountains. The

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traders and all the Indian tribes represent them as "*thieves never known to keep a promise or to do an honourable act.*"

None but a stranger will ever trust them. They are as cowardly as cruel. Murder and robbery are the whole occupation of their existence, and woe to the traders or trappers whom they may meet with during their excursions, if they are not at least one-tenth of their own number. A proof of their cowardice is that once Roche, myself, and a young Parisian named Gabriel, having by chance fallen upon a camp of thirteen Crows and three Arrapahoes, they left us their tents, furs, and dried meats; the Arrapahoes alone shewing some fight, in which one of them was killed: but to return to our subject. The chief heard the Prince Seravalle with a contemptuous air, clearly shewing that he knew who the Prince was, and that he entertained no good-will towards him. His duplicity, however, and greediness, getting the better of his hatred, he

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asked the prisoners what they would give to obtain their freedom. Upon their answer that they would give two rifles, two horses, with one hundred dollars, he said that all which the prisoners possessed when taken, being already his own, he expected much more than that. He demanded that one of the Canadians should go to Fort Hall, with five Crows, with an order from the Prince to the amount of sixty blankets, twenty rifles, and ten kegs of powder. In the meantime the prisoners were to be carried into the country of the Crows, where the goods were to follow them as soon as obtained; upon the reception of which, the white men should be set at liberty. Understanding now the intention of their enemies, and being certain that, once in the strong-holds of the Crows, they would never be allowed to return, the Prince rejected the offer; wishing, however, to gain time, he made several others, which, of course, were not agreed upon. When the chief saw that he was not likely to obtain any thing

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more than that which he had already become master of, he threw away his mask of hypocrisy, and, resuming at once his real character, began to abuse his victims.

"The Pale-faces," he said, "were base dogs, and too great cowards to fight against the Crows. They were less than women, concealing themselves in the lodges of the Shoshones, and lending them their rifles, so that having now plenty of arms and ammunition, that tribe had become strong, and feared by all. But now they would kill the Pale-faces, and they would see what colour was the blood of cowards. When dead, they could not give any more rifles, or powder, to the Shoshones, who would then bury themselves like prairie-dogs in their burrows, and never again dare to cross the path of a Crow."

The Prince replied to the chief with scorn. "The Crows," he said, "ought not to speak so loud, lest they should be heard by the Shoshone braves, and lies should never be

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uttered in open air. What were the Crows before the coming of the white men, on the shores of the Buona Ventura? They had no country of their own, for one part of it had been taken by the Black-feet, and the other by the Arrapahoes and the Shoshones. Then the Crows were like doves hunted by the hawks of the mountains. They would lie concealed in deep fissures of the earth, and never stir but during night, so afraid were they of encountering a Shoshone. But the white men assembled the Shoshones around their settlements, and taught them to remain at peace with their neighbours. They had been so for four years; the Crows had had time to build other wigwams. Why did they act like wolves, biting their benefactors instead of shewing to them their gratitude?"

The Prince, though an old man, had much mettle in him, especially when his blood was up. He had become a Shoshone in all except ferocity; he heartily despised the rascally

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Crows. As to the chief, he firmly grasped the handle of his tomahawk, so much did he feel the bitter taunts of his captive. Suddenly, a rustling was heard, then the sharp report of a rifle, and one of the Crows, leaping high in the air, fell down a corpse.

"The chief hath spoken too loud," said the Prince, "I hear the step of a Shoshone; the Crows had better run away to the mountains, or their flesh will fatten the dogs of our village."

An expression of rage and deep hatred shot across the features of the chief, but he stood motionless, as did all his men, trying to catch the sounds, to ascertain in which direction they should fly from the danger.

"Fear has turned the Crows into stones," resumed the Prince, "what has become of their light feet? I see the Shoshones."

"The dog of a Pale-face will see them no more," replied the savage, as he buried his tomahawk in the skull of the unfortunate

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nobleman, who was thus doomed to meet with an inglorious death in a distant land.

The other prisoners, who were bound, could of course offer no resistance. The French *savant* and two of his guides were butchered in an instant, but before the remainder of the party could be sacrificed, a well-directed volley was poured upon the compact body of the Crows, who rushed immediately to the woods for cover, leaving behind them twenty dead and wounded, besides their cruel chief. Then from the thickets behind appeared thirty Shoshones, who immediately gave chase, leaving only one of their men to free the three remaining trappers, and watch over the body of their murdered friend and legislator.

A sharp *tiralleur* fire from their respective covers was carried on between the Shoshones and Crows for half an hour, in which the Crows lost ten more scalps, and having at length reached a rugged hill full of briers and

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bushes, they took fairly to their heels, without even attempting to answer the volleys poured after them. The victims were carried to the settlement, and the very day they were consigned to their grave, the Shoshones started for the land of the Crows. The results of the expedition I have mentioned already.

With my father I found the three trappers; two of whom were preparing to start for California, but the third, a young Parisian, who went by the name of Gabriel, preferred remaining with us, and never left me until a long time afterwards, when we parted upon the borders of the Mississippi, when I was forcing my way towards the Atlantic Ocean. He and Roche, when I parted with them, had directed their steps back to the Shoshones; they delighted too much in a life of wild and perilous adventure to leave it so soon, and the Irishman vowed that if he ever returned within the pale of civilization, it would be to Monterey, the only place where, in his long wanderings,

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he had found a people congenial to his own ideas.

When, in the meeting of a great council, I apprized the tribe of the attack made upon the boat-house by the Umbiquas, and of its results, there was a loud burst of satisfaction. I was made a War-Chief on the spot; and it was determined that a party should immediately proceed to chastise the Umbiquas. My father did not allow me to join it, as there was much to be done in settling the affairs of the Prince, and paying the debts he had contracted at Fort Hall; consequently, I led a clerk's life for two months, writing accounts, &c.—rather a dull occupation, for which I had not the smallest relish. During this time, the expedition against the Umbiquas had been still more successful than that against the Crows, and, in fact, that year was a glorious one for the Shoshones, who will remember it a long while, as a period in which leggings and mocassins were literally

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sewn with human hair, and in which the blanched and unburied bones of their enemies, scattered on the prairie, scared even the wolves from crossing the Buona Ventura. Indeed, that year was so full of events, that my narration would be too much swelled if I were to enumerate them all.

I had not forgotten the *cachette* at our landing-place. Every thing was transferred to the boat-house, and the hot days of summer having already begun to render the settlement unpleasant, we removed to the sea-shore, while the major part of the tribe went to hunt in the rolling prairies of the south.

The presents of the good people of Monterey proved to be a great acquisition to my father. There were many books, which he appropriated to himself; being now too aged and infirm to bear the fatigues of Indian life, he had become fond of retirement and reading. As to Gabriel and Roche, we became inseparable, and though,

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in some points we were not on an equality, yet the habit of being constantly together and sharing the same tent united us like brothers.

As my readers will eventually discover, many daring deeds did we perform together, and many pleasant days did we pass, both in the northern cities of Mexico and western prairies of Texas, hunting with the Comanches, and occasionally unmasking some rascally Texians, who, under the paint of an Indian, would commit their murders and depredations upon the remote settlements of their own countrymen.

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CHAPTER IX.

In the remarks which I am about to make relative to the Shoshones, I may as well observe that the same observations will equally apply to the Comanches, Apaches, and Arrapahoes, as they are but subdivisions and offsets from the original stock—the Shoshones. The Wakoes, who have not yet been mentioned, or even seen, by any other travellers, I shall hereafter describe.

I may as well here observe, that although the Shoshones are always at peace with the Comanches and Apaches, they had for a long while been at war with their descendants, the Arrapahoes, as well as the whole of the Daco-

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tah and Algonquin tribes, as the Crows and Rickarees, Black-feet, Nez-percés, and others.

First, as to their religion—a question highly interesting, and perhaps throwing more light upon their origin than can be collected from tradition, manners, and customs. From my knowledge of the Indians, I believe them, if not more religious, most certainly to be more conscientious, than most Christians. They all believe in one God—Manitou, the author of good, and worship him as such; but believing that human nature is too gross to communicate with the Arbitrator of all things, they pray generally through the intervention of the elements or even of certain animals, in the same manner that the Catholics address themselves to their saints.

The great Manitou is universal among this family, and indeed among all the savage tribes of North America. The interceding spirit alone varies, not with the tribe and nation, but according to individual selection. Chil-

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dren are taught to know "Kishe Manito" (the Almighty), but no more. When the boy is verging upon manhood, he selects his own personal deity, or household god, which is made known to him in his dreams. When he states his intention of seeking the spirit, the parents of the young man order him to fast for three days; then they take away his bow and arrows, and send him far into the woods, the mountains, or the prairies, to wait for the visitation.

An empty stomach and inaction in the lone wilderness are certain to produce reveries and waking dreams. If the young man is thirsty, he thinks of water; of fire or sunshine, if he feels cold; of buffalo or fish, if he is hungry. Sometimes he meets with some reptile, and upon any one of these or other natural causes or productions, his imagination will work, until it becomes wholly engrossed by it.

Thus fire and water, the sun or the moon, a star, a buffalo, or a snake—any one of them,

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will become the subject of his thoughts; and when he sleeps, he naturally dreams of that object which he has been brooding over.

He then returns home, engraves upon a stone, a piece of wood, or a skin, the form of this "spirit" which his dream has selected for him, wears it constantly on his person, and addresses it, not as a God, but as an intercessor, through which his vows must pass before they can reach the fearful Lord of all things.

Some men among the Indians acquire, by their virtues and the regularity of their lives, the privilege of addressing the Creator without any intervention, and are admitted into the band, headed by the masters of ceremonies and the presidents of the sacred lodges, who receive neophytes and confer dignities. Their rites are secret; none but a member can be admitted. These divines, as of old the priests of Isis and Osiris, are deeply learned; and truly their knowledge of natural history is

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astonishing. They are well acquainted with astronomy and botany, and keep the records and great transactions of the tribes, employing certain hieroglyphics, which they paint in the sacred lodges, and which none but their caste or order can decipher.

Those few who, in their journey in the wilderness, have "dreamt" of a snake and made it their "spirit," become invariably "*Medecines.*" This reptile, though always harmless in the western countries (except in some parts of the mountains on the Columbia, where the rattle-snake abounds), has ever been looked upon with dread by the Indians, who associate it with the evil spirit. When "*Kishe Manito*" (the good God) came upon earth, under the form of a buffalo, to alleviate the sufferings of the red man, "*kinebec*" (the serpent), the spirit of evil, gave him battle. This part of their creed alone would almost establish their Brahminic origin.

The "*Medecine*" inspires the Indians with

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awe and dread; he is respected, but *he* has no friends, no squaws, no children. He is the man of dark deeds, he that communes with the spirit of evil; he takes his knowledge from the earth, from the fissures of the rocks, and knows how to combine poisons; he alone fears not "*Anim Teki*" (thunder). He can cure disease with his spells, and with them he can kill also; his glance is that of the snake, it withers the grass, fascinates birds and beasts, troubles the brain of man, and throws in his heart fear and darkness.

The Shoshone women, as well as the Apache and Arrapahoe, all of whom are of the Shoshone race, are very superior to the squaws of the Eastern Indians. They are more graceful in their forms, and have more personal beauty. I cannot better describe them than by saying that they have more similitude to the Arabian women than any other race. They are very clean in their persons and in their lodges; and all their tribes having both male and female

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slaves, the Shoshone wife is not broken down by hard labour, as are the squaws of the eastern tribes; to their husbands they are most faithful, and I really believe that any attempt upon their chastity would prove unavailing. They ride as bravely as the men, and are very expert with the bow and arrow. I once saw a very beautiful little Shoshone girl, about ten years old, the daughter of a chief, when her horse was at full speed, kill, with her bow and arrow, in the course of a minute or two, nine out of a flock of wild turkeys which she was in chase of.

Their dress is both tasteful and chaste. It is composed of a loose shirt, with tight sleeves, made of soft and well-prepared doe-skin, almost always dyed blue or red; this shirt is covered from the waist by the toga, which falls four or six inches below the knee, and is made either of swan-down, silk, or woollen stuff; they wear leggings of the same material as the shirt, and cover their pretty little feet with beautifully-

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worked mocassins; they have also a scarf, of a fine rich texture, and allow their soft and long raven hair to fall luxuriantly over their shoulder, usually ornamented with flowers, but sometimes with jewels of great value; their ancles and wrists are also encircled by bracelets; and indeed to see one of these young and graceful creatures, with her eyes sparkling and her face animated with the exercise of the chase, often recalled to the mind a nymph of Diana, as described by Ovid.*

Though women participate not in the deeper mysteries of religion, some of them are permitted to consecrate themselves to the divinity, and to make vows of chastity, as the vestals of Paganism or the nuns of the Catholic convents. But there is no seclusion. They dress as *men*, covered with leather from head to foot, a painting of the sun on their breasts. These

* The Comanches women very much resemble the common squaws, being short and broad in figure. This arises from the Comanches secluding the women, and not permitting them air and exercise.

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women are warriors, but never go out with the parties, remaining always behind to protect the villages. They also live alone, are dreaded, but not loved. The Indian hates any thing or any body that usurps power, or oversteps those bounds which appear to him as natural and proper, or who does not fulfil what he considers as their intended destiny.

The fine evenings of summer are devoted, by the young Indian, to courtship. When he has made his choice, he communicates it to his parents, who take the business into their hands. Presents are carried to the door of the fair one's lodge; if they are not accepted, there is an end to the matter, and the swain must look somewhere else; if they are taken in, other presents are returned, as a token of agreement. These generally consist of objects of woman's workmanship, such as garters, belts, mocassins, &c.; then follows a meeting of the parents, which terminates by a speech from the girl's father, who mentions his daughter as the

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"dove," or "lily," or "whisper of the breeze," or any other pretty Indian name which may appertain to her. She has been a good daughter, she will be a dutiful wife; her blood is that of a warrior's; she will bear noble children to her husband, and sing to them his great deeds, &c. &c. The marriage-day arrives at last; a meal of roots and fruit is prepared; all are present except the bridegroom, whose arms, saddles, and property are placed behind the fair one. The door of the lodge is open, its threshold lined with flowers; at sunset the young man presents himself, with great gravity of deportment. As soon as he has taken a seat near the girl, the guests begin eating, but in silence; but soon a signal is given by the mothers, each guest rises, preparatory to retiring. At that moment, the two lovers cross their hands, and the husband speaks for the first time, interrogatively:— "Faithful to the lodge, faithful to the father, faithful to his children?" She answers softly:

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"Faithful, ever faithful, in joy and in sorrow, in life and in death"—"*Penir, penir-asha, sartir nú cohta, lebeck nú tanim.*" It is the last formula—the ceremony is accomplished. This may seem very simple and ridiculous; to me it appeared almost sublime. Opinions depend upon habits and education.

The husband remains a whole year with his father-in-law, to whom belongs by right the produce of his hunting, both skins and flesh. The year expired, his bondage is over, and he may, if he wishes it, retire with his wife to his own father's, or construct a lodge for his own use. The hunter brings his game to his door, except when a heavy animal; there ends his task; the wife skins and cuts it, she dries the skin and cures the meat. Yet if the husband is a prime hunter, whose time is precious, the woman herself, or her female relations, go out and seek the game where it has been killed. When a man dies, his widow wears mourning during two or four years; the same case hap-

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pens with the male widower, only his duties are not so strict as that of a woman, and it often happens that, after two years, he marries his sister-in-law, if there is any. The Indians think it a natural thing; they say that a woman will have more care of her sister's children than of those of a stranger. Among the better classes of Indians, children are often affianced to each other, even at the age of a few months. These engagements are sacred, and never broken.

The Indians in general have very severe laws against murder, and they are pretty much alike among the tribes; they are divided into two distinct sections—murder committed in the nation and out of the nation.

When a man commits a murder upon his own people, he runs away from his tribe, or delivers himself to justice. In this latter case, the nearest relation of the victim kills him openly, in presence of all the warriors. In the first case, he is not pursued, but his nearest relation is answerable for the deed, and suffers

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the penalty, if by a given time he has not produced the assassin. The death is instantaneous, from the blow of a tomahawk. Often the chief will endeavour to make the parties smoke the pipe of peace; if he succeeds, all ends here; if not, a victim must be sacrificed. It is a stern law, which sometimes brings with its execution many great calamities. Vengeance has often become hereditary, from generation to generation, murders have succeeded murders, till one of the two families has deserted the tribe.

It is, no doubt, owing to such circumstances that great families, or communities of savages bearing the same type and speaking the same tongue, have been subdivided into so many distinct tribes. Thus it has been with the Shoshones, whose emigrant families have formed the Comanches, the Apaches, and the Arrapahoes. The Tonquewas have since sprung from the Comanches, the Lepans and the Texas* (now extinct) from the Apaches; and

* Formerly there was a considerable tribe of Indians, by the name of Texas, who have all disappeared, from continual warfare.

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the Navahoes from the Arrapahoes. Among the Nadowessies or Dahcotahs, the subdivision has been still greater, the same original tribe having given birth to the Konsas, the Mandans, the Tetons, the Yangtongs, Sassitongs, Ollah-Gallahs, the Siones, the Wallah Wallahs, the Cayuses, the Black-feet, and lastly the Winnebagoes.

The Algonquin species, or family, produced twenty-one different tribes; the Micmacs, Etchemins, Abenakis, Sokokis, Pawtucket, Pokanokets, Narragansets, Pequods, Mohegans, Lenilenapes, Nanticokes, Powatans, Shawnees, Miamis, Illinois, Chippewas, Ottawas, Menomonies, Sacs, Foxes, and the Kickapoos, which afterwards subdivided again into more than a hundred nations.

But, to return to the laws of murder; it often happens that the nephew, or brother of the murderer, will offer his life in expiation. Very often these self-sacrifices are accepted, principally among the poorer families, but the

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devoted is not put to death, he only loses his relationship and connection with his former family; he becomes a kind of slave or bondsman for life in the lodges of the relations of the murdered.

Sometimes, too, the guilty man's life is saved by a singular and very ancient law; it, however, happens but rarely. If the murdered leaves a widow with children, this widow may claim the criminal as her own, and he becomes her husband nominally, that is to say, he must hunt and provide for the subsistence of the family.

When the murderer belongs to a hostile tribe, war is immediately declared; if, on the contrary, he belongs to a friendly nation, the tribe will wait three or four months till the chiefs of that nation come to offer excuses and compensation. When they do this, they bring presents, which they leave at the door of the council lodge, one side of which is occupied by the relations of the victims, the other by the chiefs and warriors of the tribe, and the centre

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by the ambassadors. One of these opens the ceremony by pronouncing a speech of peace, while another offers the pipe to the relations. If they refuse it, and the great chief of the tribe entertains a particular regard for the other nation, he rises and offers himself to the relations the calumet of conciliation. If refused still, all the children and babes of the murdered one's family are called into the lodge, and the pipe passed a third time in that part of the lodge. Then if a child even two or three months old touches it, the Indians consider the act as a decision of the great Master of Life, the pipe goes round, the presents are carried in, and put at the feet of the plaintiffs. When, on the contrary, the calumet passes untouched, the murderer's life alone can satisfy the tribe.

When the chiefs of the tribe of the murderer leave their village to come and offer excuses, they bring with them the claimed victim, who is well armed. If he is held in high estimation,

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and has been a good warrior and a good man, the chiefs of his tribe are accompanied by a great number of their own warriors, who paint their faces before entering the council lodge; some in black with green spots, some all green (the pipe of peace is always painted green).

The relations of the murdered man stand on one side of the lodge, the warriors of the other tribe opposite to them. In the centre is the chief, who is attended by the bearer of the pipe of peace on one side of him, and the murderer on the other. The chief then makes a speech, and advances with the pipe-bearer and the murderer towards the relatives of the deceased; he entreats them, each man separately, to smoke the pipe which is offered by the pipe-bearer, and when refused, offered to the next of the relatives.

During this time the murderer, who is well armed, stands by the chief's side, advancing slowly, with his arrow or his carbine pointed, ready to fire at any one of the relations who

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may attempt to take his life before the pipe has been refused by the whole of them. When such is the case, if the chiefs want peace, and do not care much for the murderer, they allow him to be killed without interference; if, on the contrary, they value him and will not permit his death, they raise the war-whoop, their warriors defend the murderer's life, and the war between the two tribes may be said to have commenced.

Most usually, however, the pipe of peace is accepted, in preference to proceeding to such extremities.

I will now mention the arms and accoutrement of the Shoshone warriors, observing, at the same time, that my remarks refer equally to the Apaches, the Arrapahoes, and the Comanches, except that the great skill of the Shoshones turns the balance in their favour. A Shoshone is always on horseback, firmly sitting upon a small and light saddle of his own manufacture, without any stirrups,

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which indeed they prefer not to have, the only Indians using them being chiefs and celebrated warriors, who have them as a mark of distinction, the more so that a saddle and stirrups are generally trophies obtained in battle from a conquered enemy.

They have too good a taste to ornament their horses as the Mexicans, the Crows, or the Eastern Indians do; they think that the natural grace and beauty of the animal are such that any thing gaudy would break its harmony; the only mark of distinction they put upon their steeds (and the chiefs only can do so) is a rich feather or two, or three quills of the eagle, fixed to the rosette of the bridle, below the left ear; and as a Shoshone treats his horse as a friend, always petting him, cleaning him, never forcing or abusing him, the animal is always in excellent condition, and his proud eyes and majestic bearing present to the beholder the *beau idéal* of the graceful and the beautiful. The elegant dress and graceful form of the

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Shoshone cavalier, harmonizes admirably with the wild and haughty appearance of the animal.

The Shoshone allows his well-combed locks to undulate with the wind, only pressed to his head by a small metal coronet, to which he fixes feathers or quills, similar to those put to his horse's rosette. This coronet is made either of gold or silver, and those who cannot afford to use these metals make it with swan-down or deer-skin, well prepared and elegantly embroidered with porcupine-quills; his arms are bare and his wrists encircled with bracelets of the same material as the coronet; his body, from the neck to the waist, is covered with a small, soft deer-skin shirt, fitting him closely without a single wrinkle; from the waist to the knee he wears a many-folded toga, of black, brown, red, or white woollen or silk stuff, which he procures at Monterey or St. Francisco, from the Valparaiso and China traders; his leg from the ankle to the hip is covered by a pair of leggings of deer-skin, dyed red or black

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with some vegetable acids, and sewed with human hair, which hangs flowing, or in tresses, on the outward side; these leggings are fastened a little above the foot by other metal bracelets, while the foot is encased in an elegantly-finished mocassin, often edged with small beautiful round crimson shells, no bigger than a pea, and found among the fossil remains of the country.

Round his waist, and to sustain the toga, he wears a sash, generally made by the squaws out of the slender filaments of the silk-tree, a species of the cotton-wood, which is always covered with long threads, impalpable, though very strong. These are wove together, and richly dyed. I am sure that in Paris or in London, these scarfs, which are from twelve to fifteen feet long, would fetch a large sum among the ladies of the *haut ton*. I have often had one of them shut up in my hand so that it was scarcely to be perceived that I had any thing enclosed in my fist.

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Suspended to this scarf, they have the knife on the left side and the tomahawk on the right. The bow and quiver are suspended across their shoulders by bands of swan-down three inches broad, while their long lance, richly carved, and with a bright copper or iron point, is carried horizontally at the side of the horse. Those who possess a carbine have it fixed on the left side by a ring and a hook, the butt nearly close to the sash, and the muzzle protruding a little before the knee.

The younger warriors, who do not possess the carbine, carry in its stead a small bundle of javelins (the jerrid of the Persians), with which they are very expert, for I have often seen them, at a distance of ten feet, bury one more than two feet deep in the flanks of a buffalo. To complete their offensive weapons, they have the lasso, a leather rope fifty feet long, and as thick as a woman's little finger, hanging from the pommel of their saddles; this is a terrible arm, against which there is

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but little possibility of contending, even if the adversary possess a rifle, for the casting of the lasso is done with the rapidity of thought, and an attempt to turn round to fire would indubitably seal his fate: the only means to escape the fatal noose is, to raise the reins of your horse to the top of your head, and hold any thing diagonally from your body, such as the lance, the carbine, or any thing except the knife, which you must hold in your right hand, ready for use.

The chances then are: if the lasso falls above your head, it must slip, and then it is a lost throw, but if you are quick enough to pass your knife through the noose, and cut it as it is dragged back, then the advantage becomes yours, or, at least, is equally divided, for then you may turn upon your enemy, whose bow, lance, and rifle, for the better management of his lasso, have been left behind, or too firmly tied about him to be disengaged and used in so short a time. He can only op-

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pose you with the knife and tomahawk, and if you choose, you may employ your own lasso; in that case the position is reversed; still the conquest belongs to the most active of the two.

It often happens, that after having cut the lasso and turned upon his foe, an Indian, without diminishing the speed of his horse, will pick up from the ground, where he has dropped it, his rifle or his lance; then, of course, victory is in his hands. I escaped once from being lassoed in that way. I was pursued by a Crow Indian; his first throw failed, so did his second and his third; on the fourth, I cut the rope, and wheeling round upon him, I gave chase, and shot him through the body with one of my pistols. The noose at every cast formed such an exact circle, and fell with such precision, the centre above my head, and the circumference reaching from the neck to the tail of my horse, that if I had not thrown away my rifle, lance, bow, and

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quiver, I should immediately have been dragged to the ground. All the western Indians and Mexicans are admirably expert in handling this deadly weapon.

Before the arrival of the Prince Seravalle, the Shoshones had bucklers, but they soon cast them aside as an incumbrance; the skill which was wasted upon the proper management of this defensive armour being now applied to the improved use of the lance. I doubt much whether, in the tournaments of the days of chivalry, the gallant knights could shew to their ladye-love greater skill than a Shoshone can exhibit when fighting against an Arrapahoe or a Crow.*

But the most wonderful feat of the Shoshone, and also of the Comanche and Apache, is the facility with which he will hang him-

* The Crows, our neighbours, who are of the Dacotah race, are also excellent horsemen, most admirably dressed, and fond of show, but they cannot be compared to the Shoshones; they have not the same skill, and, moreover, they abuse and change their horses so often that the poor brutes are never accustomed to their masters.

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self alongside his horse, in a charge upon an enemy, being perfectly invisible to him, and quite invulnerable, except through the body of his horse. Yet in that difficult and dangerous position, he will use any of his arms with precision and skill. The way in which they keep their balance is very simple; they pass their right arm, to the very shoulder, through the folds of the lasso, which, as I have said, is suspended to the pommel or round the neck of the horse; for their feet they find a support in the numerous loops of deer-skin hanging from the saddle; and thus suspended, the left arm entirely free to handle the bow, and the right one very nearly so, to draw the arrow, they watch their opportunity, and, unless previously wounded, seldom miss their aim.

I have said that the Shoshones threw away their bucklers at the instigation of the Prince Seravalle, who also taught them the European cavalry tactics. They had sense enough to

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perceive the advantage which they would gain from them, and they were immediately incorporated, as far as possible, with their own.

The Shoshones now charge in squadrons with the lance, form squares, wheel with wonderful precision, and execute many difficult manœuvres; but as they combine our European tactics with their own Indian mode of warfare, one of the most singular sights is to witness the disappearance behind their horses, after the Indian fashion, of a whole body of perhaps five hundred horse when in full charge. The effect is most strange; at one moment, you see the horses mounted by gallant fellows, rushing to the conflict; at a given signal, every man has disappeared, and the horses, in perfect line, appear as if charging, without riders, and of their own accord, upon the ranks of the enemy.

I have dwelt perhaps too long upon the manners and habits of these people; I cannot help, however, giving my readers a proof of the knowledge which the higher classes among

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them really possess. I have said that they are good astronomers, and I may add that their intuitive knowledge of geometry is remarkable. I once asked a young chief what he considered the height of a lofty pine. It was in the afternoon, about three o'clock. He walked to the end of the shadow thrown by the pine-tree, and fixed his arrow in the ground, measured the length of the arrow, and then the length of the shadow thrown by it; then measuring the shadow of the pine, he deducted from it in the same proportion as the difference between the length of the arrow and the length of its shadow, and gave me the result. He worked the Rule of Three without knowing it.

But the most remarkable instance occurred when we were about to cross a wide and rapid river, and required a rope to be thrown across, as a stay to the men and horses. The question was, what was the length of the rope required; *i. e.* what was the width of the river?

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An old chief stepped his horse forward, to solve the problem, and he did it as follows:— He went down to the side of the river, and fixed upon a spot as a centre; then he selected two trees, on the right and left, on the other side, as near as his eye could measure equidistant from where he stood. Having so done, he backed his horse from the river, until he came to where his eye told him that he had obtained the point of an equilateral triangle. Thus, in the diagram, he selected the two trees A and B, walked back to E, and there fixed his lance. He then fell back in the direction E D, until he had, as nearly as he could tell, made the distance from A E equal to that from E D, and fixed another lance. The same was repeated to E C, when the last lance was fixed. He then had a parallelogram; and as the distance from F to E was exactly equal to the distance from E to G, he had but to measure the space between the bank of the river and

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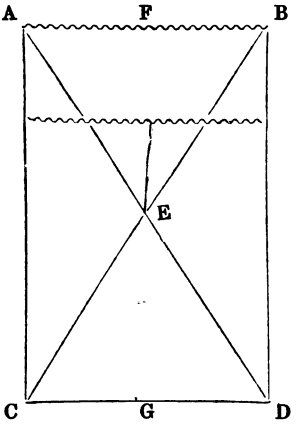
E, and deduct it from E G, and he obtained the width of the river required.



I do not think that this calculation, which proved to be perfectly correct, occupied the old chief more than three minutes; and it must be remembered that it was done in the face of the enemy: but I resume my own history.

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CHAPTER X.

In narrating the unhappy death of the Prince, I have stated that the Crows bore no good-will to the white men established among the Shoshones. That feeling, however, was not confined to that tribe; it was shared by all the others within two or three hundred miles from the Buona Ventura river, and it was not surprising! Since our arrival, the tribe had acquired a certain degree of tactics and unity of action, which was sufficient in itself to bear down all their enemies, independent of the immense power they had obtained from their quantity of firearms and almost inexhaustible ammunition. All the other nations

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were jealous of their strength and resources, and this jealousy being now worked up to its climax, they determined to unite and strike a great blow, not only to destroy the ascendancy which the Shoshones had attained, but also to possess themselves of the immense wealth which they foolishly supposed the Europeans had brought with them to the settlement.

For a long time previous to the Crow and Umbiqua expedition, which I have detailed, messengers had been passing between tribe and tribe, and, strange to say, they had buried all their private animosities, to form a league against the common enemy, as were considered the Shoshones. It was, no doubt, owing to this arrangement that the Crows and Umbiquas shewed themselves so hardy; but the prompt and successful retaliation of the Shoshones cooled a little the war spirit which was fomenting around us. However, the Arrapahoes having consented to join

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the league, the united confederates at once opened the campaign, and broke upon our country in every direction.

We were taken by surprise; for the first three weeks they carried every thing before them, for the majority of our warriors were still hunting. But having been apprized of the danger, they returned in haste, and the aspect of affairs soon changed. The lost ground was regained inch by inch. The Arrapahoes having suffered a great deal, retired from the league, and having now nothing to fear from the South, we turned against our assailants on our northern boundaries. Notwithstanding the desertion of the Arrapahoes, the united tribes were still three times our number, but they wanted union and did not act in concert. They mustered about fifteen thousand warriors, from the Umbiquas, Callapoos, Cayuses, Nez-percés, Bonnaxes, Flat-heads, and some of the Crows, who had not yet gained prudence from their last

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"brushing." The superiority of our arms, our tactics, discipline, and art of intrenchment, together with the good service of two clumsy old Spanish four-pounders, enabled us not only in a short time to destroy the league, but also to crush and annihilate for ever some of our treacherous neighbours. As it would be tedious to a stranger to follow the movements of the whole campaign, I will merely mention that part of it in which I assisted.*

* The system of prairie warfare is so different from ours, that the campaign I have just related will not be easily understood by those acquainted only with European military tactics.

When a European army starts upon an expedition, it is always accompanied by waggons, carrying stores of provisions and ammunition of all kinds. There is a commissariat appointed for the purpose of feeding the troops. Among the Indians there is no such thing, and except a few pieces of dried venison, a pound weight of powder, and a corresponding quantity of lead, if he has a rifle, but if not, with his lance, bow, arrows, and tomahawk, the warrior enters the war-path. In the closer country, for water and fuel, he trusts to the streams and to the trees of the forests or mountains; when in the prairie, to the mud-holes and chasms for water, and to the buffalo-dung for his fire. His rifle and arrows will always give him enough of food.

But these supplies would not, of course, be sufficient for a great number of men; ten thousand, for example. A water-

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We were divided into four war-parties : one which acted against the Bonnaxes and the Flat-heads, in the north-east; the second, against the Cayuses and Nez-percés, at the forks of the Buona Ventura and Calumet rivers;

hole would be drained by the first two or three hundred men that might arrive, and the remainder would be obliged to go without any. Then, unless perchance they should fall upon a large herd of buffaloes, they would never be able to find the means of sustaining life. A buffalo, or three or four deer, can be killed every day, by hunters out of the tract of an expedition; this supply would suffice for a small war-party, but it would never do for an army.

Except in the buffalo ranges, where the Comanches, the Apaches, and the Southern Shoshones will often go by bands of thousands, the generality of the Indian war-parties enter the path in a kind of *echelonage;* that is to say, supposing the Shoshones to send two thousand men against the Crows, they would be divided into fifteen or twenty bands, each commanded by an inferior chief. The first party will start for reconnoitering. The next day the second band, accompanied by the great chiefs, will follow, but in another track; and so on with a third, till three hundred or three hundred and fifty are united together. Then they will begin their operations, new parties coming to take the place of those who have suffered, till they themselves retire to make room for others. Every new comer brings a supply of provisions, the produce of their chase in coming, so that those who are fighting need be in no fear of wanting the necessaries of life. By this the reader will see that of a band of two thousand warriors, only four or five hundred are effectually fighting, unless the number of warriors agreed upon by the chiefs prove too small, when new reinforcements are sent forward.

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the third remained near the settlement, to protect it from surprise; while the fourth, a very small one, under my father's command, and to which I was attached, remained in or about the boat-house, at the fishing station. Independent of these four parties, well-armed bands were despatched into the Umbiqua country, both by land and sea.

In the beginning, our warfare on the shores of the Pacific amounted merely to skirmishes, but by-and-by, the Callapoos having joined the Umbiquas with a numerous party, the game assumed more interest. We not only lost our advantages in the Umbiqua country, but were obliged little by little to retire to the Post; this, however, proved to be our salvation. We were but one hundred and six men, whilst our adversaries mustered four hundred and eighty, and yet full one-fifth of their number were destroyed in one afternoon, during a desperate attack which they made upon the

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Post, which had been put into an admirable state of defence.

The roof had been covered with sheets of copper, and holes had been opened in various parts of the wall for the use of the cannon, of our possession of which the enemy was ignorant. The first assault was gallantly conducted, and every one of the loop-holes was choked with their balls and arrows. On they advanced, in a close and thick body, with ladders and torches, yelling like a million of demons. When at the distance of sixty yards, we poured upon them the contents of our two guns; they were heavily loaded with grape-shot, and produced a most terrible effect. The enemy did not retreat; raising their war-whoop, on they rushed, with a determination truly heroical.

The guns were again fired, and also the whole of our musketry, after which a party of forty of our men made a sortie. This last

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charge was sudden and irresistible; the enemy fled in every direction, leaving behind their dead and wounded. That evening we received a reinforcement of thirty-eight men from the settlement, with a large supply of buffalo meat and twenty fine young fat colts. This was a great comfort to us, as, for several days, we had been obliged to live upon our dried fish.

During seven days we saw nothing of the enemy; but our scouts scoured in every direction, and our long-boat surprised, in a bay opposite George Point, thirty-six large boats, in which the Callapoos had come from their territory. The boats were destroyed, and their keepers scalped. As the heat was very intense, we resolved not to confine ourselves any more within the walls of the Post; we formed a spacious camp, to the east of the block-house, with breastworks of uncommon strength. This plan probably saved us from some contagious disease; indeed, the bad smell of the dried fish, and the rarefied air in the building,

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had already begun to affect many of our men, especially the wounded.

At the end of a week, our enemy re-appeared, silent and determined. They had returned for revenge or for death; the struggle was to be a fearful one. They encamped in the little open prairie on the other side of the river, and mustered about six hundred men.

The first war-party had overthrown and dispersed the Bonnaxes, as they were on their way to join the Flat-heads; and the former tribe not being able to effect the intended junction, threw itself among the Cayuses and Nez-percés. These three combined nations, after a desultory warfare, gave way before the second war-party; and the Bonnaxes, being now rendered desperate by their losses and the certainty that they would be exterminated if the Shoshones should conquer, joined the Callapoos and Umbiquas, to make one more attack upon our little garrison.

Nothing could have saved us, had the Flat-

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heads held out any longer; but the Black-feet, their irreconcilable enemies, seizing the opportunity, had entered their territory. They sued to us for peace, and then detachments from both war-parties hastened to our help. Of this we were apprized by our runners; and having previously concerted measures with my father, I started alone to meet these detachments, in the passes of the Mineral Mountains. The returning warriors were seven hundred strong, and had not lost more than thirteen men in their two expeditions; they divided into three bands, and succeeded, without discovery, in surrounding the prairie in which the enemy were encamped; an Indian was then sent to cross the river, a few miles to the east, and carry a message to my father.

The moon rose at one in the morning. It was arranged that, two hours before its rising, the garrison of the block-house, which had already suffered a great deal, during four days of a close siege, were to let off the fire-works

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that I had received from the Mexicans at Monterey, and to watch well the shore on their side of the river; for we were to fall upon the enemy during their surprise, occasioned by such an unusual display. All happened as was intended. At the first rocket, the Bonnaxes, Callapoos, and Umbiquas were on the alert; but astonishment and admiration very soon succeeded their fear of surprise, which they knew could not be attempted from their opponents in front. The bombs burst, the wheels threw their large circles of coloured sparks, and the savages gazed in silent admiration. But their astonishment was followed by fear of supernatural agency; confusion spread among them, and their silence was at last broken by hundreds of loud voices!! The moment had now come, the two Shoshone war-parties rushed upon their terrified victims, and an hour afterwards, when the moon rose and shone above the prairie, its mild beams were cast upon four

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hundred corpses. The whole of the Bonnax and Umbiqua party were entirely destroyed. The Callapoos suffered but little, having dispersed, and run toward the sea-shore at the beginning of the affray.

Thus ended the great league against the Shoshones, which tradition will speak of in ages yet to come. But these stirring events were followed by a severe loss to me. My father, aged as he was, had shewn a great deal of activity during the last assault, and he had undergone much privation and fatigue: his high spirit sustained him to the very last of the struggle; but when all was over, and the reports of the rifles no longer whizzed to his ears, his strength gave way, and, ten days after the last conflict, he died of old age, fatigue, and grief. On the borders of the Pacific Ocean, a few miles inland, I have raised his grave. The wild flowers that grow upon it are fed by the clear waters of the Nú elijue shawako, and the whole tribe of

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the Shoshones will long watch over the tomb of the Pale-face from a distant land, who was once their instructor and their friend.

As for my two friends, Gabriel and Roche, they had been both seriously wounded, and it was a long time before they were recovered.

We passed the remainder of the summer in building castles in the air for the future, and at last agreed to go to Monterey to pass the winter. Fate, however, ordered otherwise, and a succession of adventures, the current of which I could not oppose, forced me through many wild scenes and countries, which I have yet to describe.

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CHAPTER XI.

At the beginning of the fall, a few months after my father's death, I and my two comrades, Gabriel and Roche, were hunting in the rolling prairies of the South, on the eastern shores of the Buona Ventura. One evening we were in high spirits, having had good sport. My two friends had entered upon a theme which they could never exhaust; one pleasantly narrating the wonders and sights of Paris, the other describing with his true native eloquence the beauties of his country, and repeating the old local Irish legends, which appeared to me quaint and highly poetical.

Of a sudden we were surrounded by a party

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of sixty Arrapahoes; of course, resistance or flight was useless. Our captors, however, treated us with honour, contenting themselves with watching us closely and preventing our escape. They knew who we were, and, though my horse, saddle, and rifle were in themselves a booty for any chief, nothing was taken from us. I addressed the chief, whom I knew:

"What have I done to the Morning Star of the Arrapahoes, that I should be taken and watched like a sheep of the Watchin-angoes?"

The chief smiled and put his hand upon my shoulders. "The Arrapahoes," said he, "love the young Owato Wanisha and his pale-faced brothers, for they are great warriors, and can beat their enemies with beautiful blue fires from the heavens. The Arrapahoes know all, they are a wise people. They will take Owato Wanisha to their own tribe, that he may shew his skill to them, and make them warriors. He shall be fed with the fattest and sweetest

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dogs. He will become a great warrior among the Arrapahoes. So wish our prophets. I obey the will of the prophets and of the nation."

"But," answered I, "my Manitou will not hear me if I am a slave. The Pale-face Manitou has ears only for free warriors. He will not lend me his fires unless space and time be my own."

The chief interrupted me:—"Owato Wanisha is not a slave, nor can he be one. He is with his good friends, who will watch over him, light his fire, spread their finest blankets in his tent, and fill it with the best game of the prairie. His friends love the young chief, but he must not escape from them, else the evil spirit would make the young Arrapahoes drunk as a beastly Crow, and excite them in their folly to kill the Pale-faces."

As nothing could be attempted for the present, we submitted to our fate, and were conducted by a long and dreary journey to the eastern shores of the Rio Colorado of the

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West, until at last we arrived at one of the numerous and beautiful villages of the Arrapahoes. There we passed the winter in a kind of honourable captivity. An attempt to escape would have been the signal of our death, or, at least, of a harsh captivity. We were surrounded by vast sandy deserts, inhabited by the Clubs (Piuses), a cruel race of people, some of them cannibals. Indeed, I may as well here observe that most of the tribes inhabiting the Colorado are men-eaters, even including the Arrapahoes, on certain occasions. Once we fell in with a deserted camp of Club-men, and there we found the remains of about twenty bodies, the bones of which had been picked with apparently as much relish as the wings of a pheasant would have been by a European epicure. This winter passed gloomily enough, and no wonder. Except a few beautiful groves, found here and there, like the oases in the sands of the Sahara, the whole country is horribly broken and barren. Forty

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miles above the Gulf of California, the Colorado ceases to be navigable, and presents from its sources, for seven hundred miles, nothing but an uninterrupted series of noisy and tremendous cataracts, bordered on each side by a chain of perpendicular rocks, five or six hundred feet high, while the country all around seems to have been shaken to its very centre by violent volcanic eruptions.

Winter at length passed away, and with the first weeks of spring were renovated our hopes of escape. The Arrapahoes, relenting in their vigilance, went so far as to offer us to accompany them in an expedition eastward. To this, of course, we agreed, and entered very willingly upon the beautiful prairies of North Sonora. Fortune favoured us; one day, the Arrapahoes, having followed a trail of Apaches and Mexicans, with an intent to surprise and destroy them, fell themselves into a snare, in which they were routed and many perished.

We made no scruples of deserting our late

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masters, and, spurring our gallant steeds, we soon found that our unconscious liberators were a party of officers bound from Monterey to Santa Fé, escorted by two-and-twenty Apaches and some twelve or fifteen families of Ciboleros. I knew the officers, and was very glad to have intelligence from California. Isabella was as bright as ever, but not quite so light-hearted. Padre Marini, the missionary, had embarked for Peru, and the whole city of Monterey was still laughing, dancing, singing, and love-making, just as I had left them.

The officers easily persuaded me to accompany them to Santa Fé, from whence I could readily return to Monterey with the next caravan.

A word concerning the Ciboleros may not be uninteresting. Every year, large parties of Mexicans, some with mules, others with ox-carts, drive out into these prairies to procure for their families a season's supply of buffalo beef. They hunt chiefly on horseback, with

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bow and arrow or lance, and sometimes the fusil, whereby they soon load their carts and mules. They find no difficulty in curing their meat even in mid-summer, by slicing it thin, and spreading or suspending it in the sun; or, if in haste, it is slightly barbacued. During the curing operation, they often follow the Indian practice of beating the slices of meat with their feet, which they say contributes to its preservation.

Here the extraordinary purity of the atmosphere of these regions is remarkably exemplified. A line is stretched from corner to corner along the side of the waggon body, and strung with slices of beef, which remain from day to day till they are sufficiently cured to be packed up. This is done without salt, and yet the meat rarely putrefies.

The optic deception of the rarefied and transparent atmosphere of these elevated plains is truly remarkable. One might almost fancy oneself looking through a spy-glass; for objects often appear at scarce one-fourth of

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their real distance—frequently much magnified, and more especially much elevated. I have often seen flocks of antelopes mistaken for droves of elks or wild horses, and when at a great distance, even for horsemen; whereby frequent alarms are occasioned. A herd of buffaloes upon a distant plain often appear so elevated in height, that they would be mistaken by the inexperienced for a large grove of trees.

But the most curious, and at the same time the most tormenting phenomenon occasioned by optical deception, is the *mirage*, or, as commonly called by the Mexican travellers, "the lying waters." Even the experienced prairie hunter is often deceived by these, upon the arid plains, where the pool of water is in such request. The thirsty wayfarer, after jogging for hours under a burning sky, at length espies a pond—yes, it must be water—it looks too natural for him to be mistaken. He quickens his pace, enjoying in anticipation

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the pleasures of a refreshing draught; but, as he approaches, it recedes or entirely disappears; and standing upon its apparent site, he is ready to doubt his own vision, when he finds but a parched sand under his feet. It is not until he has been thus a dozen times deceived, that he is willing to relinquish the pursuit, and then, perhaps, when he really does see a pond, he will pass it unexamined, from fear of another disappointment.

The philosophy of these false ponds I have never seen satisfactorily explained. They have usually been attributed to a *refraction*, by which a section of the bordering sky is thrown below the horizon; but I am convinced that they are the effect of *reflection*. It seems that a gas (emanating probably from the heated earth and its vegetable matter) floats upon the elevated flats, and is of sufficient density, when viewed obliquely, to reflect the objects beyond it; thus the opposing sky being re-

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flected in the pond of gas, gives the appearance of water.

As a proof that it is the effect of reflection, I have often observed the distant knolls and trees which were situated near the horizon beyond the mirage, distinctly inverted in the "pond." Now, were the mirage the result of refraction, these would appear on it erect, only cast below the surface. Many are the singular atmospheric phenomena observable upon the plains, and they would afford a field of interesting researches for the curious natural philosopher.

We had a pleasant journey, although sometimes pressed pretty hard by hunger. However, Gabriel, Roche, and I were too happy to complain. We had just escaped from a bitter and long slavery, beside which, we were heartily tired of the lean and tough dogs of the Arrapahoes, which are the only food of that tribe during the winter. The Apaches, who had heard of our exploits, shewed us great respect; but

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what still more captivated their good graces, was the Irishman's skill in playing the fiddle. It so happened that a Mexican officer having, during the last fall, been recalled from Monterey to Santa Fé, had left his violin. It was a very fine instrument, an old Italian piece of workmanship, and worth, I am convinced, a great deal of money.

At the request of the owner, one of the present officers had taken charge of the violin and packed it up, together with his trunks, in one of the Cibolero's waggons. We soon became aware of the circumstance, and when we could not get any thing to eat, music became our consolation. Tired as we were, we would all of us, "at least the Pale-faces," dance merrily for hours together, after we had halted, till poor Roche, exhausted, could no longer move his fingers.

We were at last relieved of our obligatory fast, and enabled to look with contempt upon the humble prickly pears, which for many a

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long day had been our only food. Daily now we came across herds of fat buffaloes, and great was our sport in pursuing the huge lord of the prairies. One of them, by the bye, gored my horse to death, and would likely have put an end to my adventures, had it not been for the certain aim of Gabriel. I had foolishly substituted my bow and arrows for the rifle, that I might shew my skill to my companions. My vanity cost me dear, for though the bull was a fine one, and had seven arrows driven through his neck, I lost one of the best horses of the West, and my right leg was considerably hurt.

Having been informed that there was a large city or commonwealth of prairie dogs directly in our route, I started on ahead with my two companions, to visit these republicans. We had a double object in view: first, a desire to examine one of the republics about which prairie travellers have said so much; and, secondly, to obtain something to eat, as the

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flesh of these animals was said to be excellent.

Our road for six or seven miles wound up the sides of a gently-ascending mountain. On arriving at the summit, we found a beautiful table-land spread out, reaching for miles in every direction before us. The soil appeared to be uncommonly rich, and was covered with a luxurious growth of musqueet trees. The grass was of the curly musquito species, the sweetest and most nutritious of all the different kinds of that grass, and the dogs never locate their towns or cities except where it grows in abundance, as it is their only food.

We had proceeded but a short distance after reaching this beautiful prairie, before we came upon the outskirts of the commonwealth. A few scattered dogs were seen scampering in, and, by their short and sharp yelps, giving a general alarm to the whole community.

The first cry of danger from the outskirts was soon taken up in the centre of the city,

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and now nothing was to be seen in any direction but a dashing and scampering of the mercurial and excitable citizens of the place, each to his lodge or burrow. Far as the eye could reach was spread the city, and in every direction the scene was the same. We rode leisurely along until we had reached the more thickly settled portion of the city, when we halted, and after taking the bridles from our horses to allow them to graze, we prepared for a regular attack upon its inhabitants.

The burrows were not more than fifteen yards apart, with well-trodden paths leading in different directions, and I even thought I could discover something like regularity in the laying out of the streets. We sat down upon a bank under the shade of a musqueet tree, and leisurely surveyed the scene before us. Our approach had driven every one in our immediate vicinity to his home, but some hundred yards off, the small mound of earth in front of a burrow was each occupied by a dog

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sitting straight up on his hinder legs, and coolly looking about him to ascertain the cause of the recent commotion. Every now and then some citizen, more venturous than his neighbour, would leave his lodge on a flying visit to a companion, apparently to exchange a few words, and then scamper back as fast as his legs would carry him.

By-and-by, as we kept perfectly still, some of our nearer neighbours were seen cautiously poking their heads from out their holes and looking cunningly, and at the same time inquisitively, about them. After some time, a dog would emerge from the entrance of his domicile, squat upon his looking-out place, shake his head, and commence yelping.

For three hours we remained watching the movements of these animals, and occasionally picking one of them off with our rifles. No less than nine were obtained by the party. One circumstance I will mention as singular in the extreme, and which shews the social rela-

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tionship which exists among these animals, as well as the regard they have one for another.

One of them had perched himself directly upon the pile of earth in front of his hole, sitting up, and offering a fair mark, while a companion's head, too timid, perhaps, to expose himself farther, was seen poking out of the entrance. A well-directed shot carried away the entire top of the head of the first dog, and knocked him some two or three feet from his post, perfectly dead. While reloading, the other daringly came out, seized his companion by one of his legs, and before we could arrive at the hole, had drawn him completely out of reach, although we tried to twist him out with a ramrod.

There was a feeling in this act—a something human, which raised the animals in my estimation; and never after did I attempt to kill one of them, except when driven by extreme hunger.

The prairie dog is about the size of a rabbit, heavier perhaps, more compact, and with much

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shorter legs. In appearance, it resembles the ground hog of the north, although a trifle smaller than that animal. In their habits, the prairie dogs are social, never live alone like other animals, but are always found in villages or large settlements. They are a wild, frolicsome set of fellows when undisturbed, restless, and ever on the move. They seem to take especial delight in chattering away the time, and visiting about, from hole to hole, to gossip and talk over one another's affairs; at least, so their actions would indicate. Old hunters say that when they find a good location for a village, and no water is handy, they dig a well to supply the wants of the community.

On several occasions, I have crept up close to one of their villages, without being observed, that I might watch their movements. Directly in the centre of one of them, I particularly noticed a very large dog, sitting in front of his door, or entrance to his burrow, and by his own actions and those of his neighbours, it

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really looked as though he was the president, mayor, or chief; at all events, he was the "big dog" of the place.

For at least an hour, I watched the movements of this little community; during that time, the large dog I have mentioned received at least a dozen visits from his fellow-dogs, who would stop and chat with him a few moments, and then run off to their domiciles. All this while he never left his post for a single minute, and I thought I could discover a gravity in his deportment, not discernible in those by whom he was addressed. Far be it from me to say that the visits he received were upon business, or having any thing to do with the local government of the village; but it certainly appeared as if such was the case. If any animal is endowed with reasoning powers, or has any system of laws regulating the body politic, it is the prairie dog.

In different parts of the village the members of it were seen gambolling, frisking, and visit-

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ing about, occasionally turning heels over head into their holes, and appearing to have all sorts of fun among themselves. Owls of a singular species were also seen among them; they did not appear to join in their sports in any way, but still seemed to be on good terms, and as they were constantly entering and coming out of the same holes, they might be considered as members of the same family, or, at least, guests. Rattlesnakes, too, dwell among them; but the idea generally received among the Mexicans, that they live upon terms of companionship with the dogs, is quite ridiculous, and without any foundation.

The snakes I look upon as *loafers*, not easily shaken off by the regular inhabitants, and they make use of the dwellings of the dogs as more comfortable quarters than they could find elsewhere. We killed one a short distance from a burrow, which had made a meal of a little pup; although I do not think they can master full-grown dogs.

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This town, which we visited, was several miles in length and at least a mile in width. Around and in the vicinity, were smaller villages, suburbs to the town. We kindled a fire, and cooked three of the animals we had shot; the meat was exceedingly sweet, tender, and juicy, resembling that of the squirrel, only that there was more fat upon it.

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CHAPTER XII.

Among these Apaches, our companions, were two Comanches, who, fifteen years before, had witnessed the death of the celebrated Overton. As this wretch, for a short time, was employed as an English agent by the Fur Company, his wild and romantic end will probably interest the many readers who have known him; at all events, the narrative will serve as a specimen of the lawless career of many who resort to the western wilderness.

Some forty-four years ago, a Spanish trader had settled among a tribe of the Tonquewas,* at the foot of the Green Mountains. He had

* The Tonquewas tribe sprung from the Comanches many years ago.

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taken an Indian squaw, and was living there very comfortably, paying no taxes, but occasionally levying some, under the shape of black mail, upon the settlements of the province of Santa Fé. In one excursion, however, he was taken and hung, an event soon forgotten both by Spaniards and Tonquewas. He had left behind him, besides a child and a squaw, property to a respectable amount; the tribe took his wealth for their own use, but cast away the widow and her offspring. She fell by chance into the hands of a jolly though solitary Canadian trapper, who not having the means of selecting his spouse, took the squaw for better and for worse.

In the meantime the young half-breed grew to manhood, and early displayed a wonderful capacity for languages. The squaw died, and the trapper, now thinking of the happy days he had passed among the civilized people of the East, resolved to return thither, and took with him the young half-breed, to whom by

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long habit he had become attached. They both came to St. Louis, where the half-breed soon learned enough of English to make himself understood, and one day, having gone with his "father-in-law" to pay a visit to the Osages, he murdered him on the way, took his horse, fusil, and sundries, and set up for himself.

For a long time he was unsuspected, and indeed, if he had been, he cared very little about it. He went from tribe to tribe, living an indolent life, which suited his taste perfectly; and as he was very necessary to the Indians as an interpreter during their bartering transactions with the Whites, he was allowed to do just as he pleased. He was, however, fond of shifting from tribe to tribe, and the traders seeing him now with the Pawnies or the Comanches, now with the Crows, or the Tonquewas, gave him the surname of "*Turn-over*," which name, making a summerset, became *Over-turn*, and by corruption, Overton.

By this time every body had discovered that

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Overton was a great scoundrel, but as he was useful, the English company from Canada employed him, paying him very high wages. But his employers having discovered that he was almost always tipsy, and not at all backward in appropriating to himself that to which he had no right, dismissed him from their service, and Overton returned to his former life. By-and-by, some Yankees made him proposals, which he accepted; what was the nature of them no one can exactly say, but every body may well fancy, knowing that nothing is considered more praiseworthy than cheating the Indians in their transactions with them, through the agency of some rascally interpreter, who, of course, receives his *tantum quantum* of the profits of his treachery. For some time the employers and employed agreed amazingly well, and as nothing is cheaper than military titles in the United States, the half-breed became Colonel Overton, with boots and spurs, a laced coat, and a long sword.

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Cunning as were the Yankees, Overton was still more so; cheating them as he had cheated the Indians. The holy alliance was broken up; he then retired to the mountains, protected by the Mexican government, and commenced a system of general depredation, which for some time proved successful. His most ordinary method was to preside over a barter betwixt the savages and the traders. When both parties had agreed, they were of course in good humour, and drank freely. Now was the time for the Colonel. To the Indians he would affirm that the traders only waited till they were asleep, to butcher them and take back their goods. The same story was told to the traders, and a fight ensued, the more terrible as the whole party was more or less tipsy. Then, with some rogues in his own employ, the Colonel, under the pretext of making all safe, would load the mules with the furs and goods, proceed to Santa Fé, and dispose of his booty for one-third of its value. None cared how it

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had been obtained; it was cheap, consequently it was welcome.

His open robberies and tricks of this description were so numerous, that Overton became the terror of the mountains. The savages swore they would scalp him; the Canadians vowed that they would make him dance to death; the English declared that they would hang him; and the Yankees, they would put him to Indian torture. The Mexicans, not being able any more to protect their favourite, put a price upon his head. Under these circumstances, Overton took an aversion to society, concealed himself, and during two years nothing was heard of him; when, one day, as a party of Comanches and Tonquewas were returning from some expedition, they perceived a man on horseback. They knew him to be Overton, and gave chase immediately.

The chase was a long one. Overton was mounted upon a powerful and noble steed, but the ground was broken and uneven; he

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could not get out of the sight of his pursuers. However, he reached a platform covered with fine pine trees, and thought himself safe, as on the other side of the wood there was a long level valley, extending for many miles; and there he would be able to distance his pursuers, and escape. Away he darted like lightning, their horrible yell still ringing in his ears; he spurred his horse, already covered with foam, entered the plain, and, to his horror and amazement, found that between him and the valley there was a horrible chasm, twenty-five feet in breadth and two hundred feet in depth, with acute angles of rocks, as numerous as the thorns upon a prickly pear. What could he do? His tired horse refused to take the leap, and he could plainly hear the voices of the Indians encouraging each other in the pursuit.

Along the edge of the precipice there lay a long hollow log, which had been probably dragged there with the intention of making a bridge across the chasm. Overton dismounted,

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led his horse to the very brink, and pricked him with his knife; the noble animal leaped, but his strength was too far gone for him to clear it; his breast struck the other edge, and he fell from crag to crag into the abyss below. This over, the fugitive crawled to the log, and concealed himself under it, hoping that he would yet escape. He was mistaken, for he had been seen; at that moment, the savages emerged from the wood, and a few minutes more brought them around the log. Now certain of their prey, they wished to make him suffer a long moral agony, and they feigned not to know where he was.

"He has leaped over," said one; "it was the full jump of a panther. Shall we return, or encamp here?"

The Indians agreed to repose for a short time; and then began a conversation. One protested, if he could ever get Overton, he would make him eat his own bowels. Another spoke of red-hot irons and of creeping flesh.

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No torture was left unsaid, and horrible must have been the position of the wretched Overton.

"His scalp is worth a hundred dollars," said one.

"We will get it some day," answered another. "But since we are here, we had better camp and make a fire; there is a log."

Overton now perceived that he was lost. From under the log he cast a glance around him: there stood the grim warriors, bow in hand, and ready to kill him at his first movement. He understood that the savages had been cruelly playing with him, and enjoying his state of horrible suspense. Though a scoundrel, Overton was brave, and had too much of the red blood within him not to wish to disappoint his foes — he resolved to allow himself to be burnt, and thus frustrate the anticipated pleasure of his cruel persecutors. To die game to the last is an Indian's glory, and

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under the most excruciating tortures, few savages will ever give way to their bodily sufferings.

Leaves and dried sticks soon surrounded and covered the log — fire was applied, and the barbarians watched in silence. But Overton had reckoned too much upon his fortitude. His blood, after all, was but half Indian, and when the flames caught his clothes he could bear no more. He burst out from under the fire, and ran twice round within the circle of his tormentors. They were still as the grave, not a weapon was aimed at him, when, of a sudden, with all the energy of despair, Overton sprang through the circle and took the fearful leap across the chasm. Incredible as it may appear, he cleared it by more than two feet: a cry of admiration burst from the savages; but Overton was exhausted, and he fell slowly backwards. They crouched upon their breasts to look down—for the depth was so awful as to

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giddy the brain—and saw their victim, his clothes still in flames, rolling down from rock to rock till all was darkness.

Had he kept his footing on the other side of the chasm, he would have been safe, for a bold deed always commands admiration from the savage, and at that time they would have scorned to use their arrows.

Such was the fate of Colonel Overton!

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CHAPTER XIII.

At last, we passed the Rio Grande, and a few days more brought us to Santa Fé. Much hath been written about this rich and romantic city, where formerly, if we were to believe travellers, dollars and doubloons were to be had merely for picking them up; but I suspect the writers had never seen the place, for it is a miserable, dirty little hole, containing about three thousand souls, almost all of them half-bred, naked, and starved. Such is Santa Fé. You will there witness spectacles of wretchedness and vice hardly to be found elsewhere—harsh despotism; immorality carried to its highest degree, with drunkenness and filth.

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The value of the Santa Fé trade has been very much exaggerated. This town was formerly the readiest point to which goods could be brought overland from the States to Mexico; but since the colonization of Texas, it is otherwise. The profits also obtained in this trade are far from being what they used to be. The journey from St. Louis (Missouri) is very tedious, the distance being about twelve hundred miles; nor is the journey ended when you reach Santa Fé, as they have to continue to Chihuahua. Goods come into the country at a slight duty, compared to that payable on the coast, five hundred dollars only (whatever may be the contents) being charged upon each waggon; and it is this privilege which supports the trade. But the real market commences at Chihuahua; north of which, nothing is met with by the traveller, except the most abject moral and physical misery.

Of course, our time passed most tediously; the half-breed were too stupid to converse

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with, and the Yankee traders constantly tipsy. Had it not been that Gabriel was well acquainted with the neighbourhood, we should positively have died of *ennui*. As it was, however, we made some excursions among the *rancheros*, or cattle breeders, and visited several Indian tribes, with whom we hunted, waiting impatiently for a westward-bound caravan.

One day, I had a rather serious adventure. Roche and Gabriel were bear-hunting, while I, feeling tired, had remained in a Rancho, where, for a few days, we had had some amusement; in the afternoon, I felt an inclination to eat some fish, and being told that at three or four miles below, there was a creek full of fine basses, I went away with my rifle, hooks, and line. I soon found the spot, and was seeking for some birds or squirrels, whose flesh I could use as bait. As, rifle in hand, I walked, watching the branches of the trees along the stream, I felt something scratching my leggings and mocassins; I looked down, and

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perceived a small panther-cub frisking and frolicking around my feet, inviting me to play with it. It was a beautiful little creature, scarcely bigger than a common cat. I sat down, put my rifle across my knees, and for some minutes caressed it, as I would have done an ordinary kitten; it became very familiar, and I was just thinking of taking it with me, when I heard behind me a loud and well-known roar, and, as the little thing left me, over my head bounded a dark heavy body. It was a full-grown panther, the mother of the cub. I had never thought of her.

I rose immediately. The beast having missed the leap, had fallen twelve feet before me. It crouched, sweeping the earth with its long tail, and looking fiercely at me. Our eyes met; I confess it, my heart was very small within me. I had my rifle, to be sure, but the least movement to poise it would have been the signal for a spring from the animal. At

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last, still crouching, it crept back, augmenting the distance to about thirty feet. Then it made a circle round me, never for a moment taking its eyes off my face, for the cub was still playing at my feet. I have no doubt that if the little animal had been betwixt me and the mother, she would have snatched it and run away with it. As it was, I felt very, very queer; take to my heels I could not, and the panther would not leave her cub behind; on the contrary, she continued making a circle around me, I turning with her, and with my rifle pointed towards her.

As we both turned, with eyes straining at each other, inch by inch I slowly raised my rifle, till the butt reached my shoulder; I caught the sight and held my breath. The cub in jumping hurt itself, and mewed; the mother answered by an angry growl, and just as she was about to spring, I fired; she stumbled backwards, and died without a struggle. My

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ball, having entered under the left eye, had passed through the skull, carrying with it a part of the brain.

It was a terrific animal; had I missed it, a single blow from her paw would have crushed me to atoms. Dead as it was, with its claws extended, as if to seize its prey, and its bleeding tongue hanging out, it struck me with awe. I took off the skin, hung it to a tree, and securing the cub, I hastened home, having lost my appetite for fishing or a fish supper for that evening.

A week after this circumstance, a company of traders arrived from St. Louis. They had been attacked by Indians and made a doleful appearance. During their trip they had once remained six days without any kind of food, except withered grass. Here it may not be amiss to say a few words about the origin of this inland mercantile expedition, and the dangers with which the traders are menaced.

In 1807, Captain Pike, returning from his

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exploring trip in the interior of the American continent, made it known to the United States merchants that they could establish a very profitable commerce with the central provinces of the North of Mexico ; and in 1812, a small party of adventurers, Miller, Knight, Chambers, Beard, and others, their whole number not exceeding twelve, forced their way from St. Louis to Santa Fé, with a small quantity of goods.

It has always been the policy of the Spaniards to prevent strangers from penetrating into the interior of their colonies. At that period, Mexico being in revolution, strangers, and particularly Americans, were looked upon with jealousy and distrust. These merchants were, consequently, seized upon, their goods confiscated, and themselves shut up in the prisons of Chihuahua, where, during several years, they underwent a rigorous treatment.

It was, I believe, in the spring of 1821, that Chambers, with the other prisoners, returned

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to the United States, and shortly afterwards a treaty with the States rendered the trade lawful. Their accounts induced one Captain Glenn, of Cincinnati, to join them in a commercial expedition, and another caravan, twenty men strong, started again for Santa Fé. They sought a shorter road, to fall in with the Arkansas river, but their enterprise failed; for, instead of ascending the stream of the Canadian fork, it appears that they only coasted the great river to its intersection by the Missouri road.

There is not a drop of water in this horrible region, which extends even to the Cimaron river, and in this desert they had to suffer all the pangs of thirst. They were reduced to the necessity of killing their dogs and bleeding their mules to moisten their parched lips. None of them perished; but, quite dispirited, they changed their direction and turned back to the nearest point of the river Arkansas, where they were at least certain to find abundance of

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water. By this time their beasts of burden were so tired and broken down that they had become of no use. They were therefore obliged to conceal their goods, and arrived without any more trouble at Santa Fé, when procuring other mules, they returned to their *cachette*.

Many readers are probably unaware of the process employed by the traders to conceal their cargo, their arms, and even their provisions. It is nothing more than a large excavation in the earth, in the shape of a jar, in which the objects are stored; the bottom of the *cachette* having been first covered with wood and canvas, so as to prevent any thing being spoiled by the damp. The important science of *cachaye* (Canadian expression) consists in leaving no trace which might betray it to the Indians; to prevent this, the earth taken from the excavation is put into blankets and carried to a great distance.

The place generally selected for a *cachette* is a swell in the prairie, sufficiently elevated to

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be protected from any kind of inundation, and the arrangement is so excellent, that it is very seldom that the traders lose any thing in their *cachette*, either by the Indians, the changes of the climate, or the natural dampness of the earth.

In the spring of 1820, a company from Franklin, in the west of Missouri, had already proceeded to Santa Fé, with twelve mules loaded with goods. They crossed prairies where no white man had ever penetrated, having no guides but the stars of Heaven, the morning breeze from the mountains, and perhaps a pocket compass. Daily they had to pass through hostile nations; but spite of many other difficulties, such as ignorance of the passes and want of water, they arrived at Santa Fé.

The adventurers returned to Missouri during the fall; their profit had been immense, although the capital they had employed had been very small. Their favourable reports produced

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a deep sensation, and in the spring of the next year, Colonel Cooper and some associates, to the number of twenty-two, started with fourteen mules well loaded. This time the trip was a prompt and a fortunate one; and the merchants of St. Louis getting bolder and bolder, formed, in 1822, a caravan of seventy men, who carried with them goods to the amount of forty thousand dollars.

Thus began the Santa Fé trade, which assumed a more regular character. Companies started in the spring to return in the fall, with incredible benefits, and the trade increasing, the merchants reduced the number of their guards, till, eventually, repeated attacks from the savages obliged them to unite together, in order to travel with safety.

At first the Indians appeared disposed to let them pass without any kind of interruption; but during the summer of 1826 they began to steal the mules and the horses of the travellers; yet they killed nobody till 1828. Then

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a little caravan, returning from Santa Fé, followed the stream of the north fork of the Canadian river. Two of the traders, having preceded the company in search of game, fell asleep on the edge of a brook. These were espied by a band of Indians, who surprised them, seized their rifles, took their scalps, and retired before the caravan had reached the brook, which had been agreed upon as the place of rendezvous. When the traders arrived, one of the victims still breathed. They carried him to the Cimaron, where he expired, and was buried according to the prairie fashion.

Scarcely had the ceremony been terminated, when upon a neighbouring hill appeared four Indians, apparently ignorant of what had happened. The exasperated merchants invited them into their camp, and murdered all except one, who, although wounded, succeeded in making his escape.

This cruel retaliation brought down heavy punishment. Indeed from that period the In-

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dians vowed an eternal war—a war to the knife, "in the forests and the prairies, in the middle of rivers and lakes, and even among the mountains covered with eternal snows."

Shortly after this event another caravan was fallen in with and attacked by the savages, who carried off with them thirty-five scalps, two hundred and fifty mules, and goods to the amount of thirty thousand dollars.

These terrible dramas were constantly reacted in these vast western solitudes, and the fate of the unfortunate traders would be unknown until some day, perchance, a living skeleton, a famished being, covered with blood, dust, and mire, would arrive at one of the military posts on the borders, and relate an awful and bloody tragedy, from which he alone had escaped.

In 1831, Mr. Sublette and his company crossed the prairies with twenty-five waggons. He and his company were old pioneers among the Rocky Mountains, whom the thirst

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of gold had transformed into merchants. They went without guides, and no one among them had ever performed the trip. All that they knew was that they were going from such to such a degree of longitude. They reached the Arkansas river, but from thence to the Cimaron there is no road, except the numerous paths of the buffaloes, which, intersecting the prairie, very often deceive the travellers.

When the caravan entered this desert the earth was entirely dry, and the pioneers, mistaking their road, wandered during several days exposed to all the horrors of a febrile thirst, under a burning sun. Often they were seduced by the deceitful appearance of a buffalo path, and in this perilous situation Captain Smith, one of the owners of the caravan, resolved to follow one of these paths, which he considered would indubitably lead him to some spring of water or to a marsh.

He was alone, but he had never known fear. He was the most determined adventurer who

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had ever passed the Rocky Mountains, and if but half of what is said of him is true, his dangerous travels and his hairbreadth escapes would fill many volumes more interesting and romantic than the best pages of the American novelist. Poor man! after having during so many years escaped from the arrows and bullets of the Indians, he was fated to fall under the tomahawk, and his bones to bleach upon the desert sands.

He was about twelve miles from his comrades, when, turning round a small hill, he perceived the long-sought object of his wishes. A small stream glided smoothly in the middle of the prairie before him. It was the river Cimaron. He hurried forward to moisten his parched lips, but just as he was stooping over the water he fell, pierced by ten arrows. A band of Comanches had espied him, and waited there for him. Yet he struggled bravely. The Indians have since acknowledged that, wounded as he was, before dying,

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Captain Smith had killed three of their people.

Such was the origin of the Santa Fé trade, and such are the liabilities which are incurred, even now, in the great solitudes of the West.

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CHAPTER XIV.

TIME passed away, till I and my companions were heartily tired of our inactivity: besides, I was home-sick, and I had left articles of great value at the settlement, about which I was rather fidgetty. So one day we determined that we would start alone, and return to the settlement by a different road. We left Santa Fé and rode towards the north, and it was not until we had passed Taos, the last Mexican settlement, that we became ourselves again and recovered our good spirits. Gabriel knew the road; our number was too small not to find plenty to eat, and as to the hostile Indians, it was a chance we were willing enough to en-

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counter. A few days after we had quitted Santa Fé, and when in the neighbourhood of the Spanish Peaks, and about thirty degrees north latitude, we fell in with a numerous party of the Comanches.

It was the first time we had seen them in a body, and it was a grand sight. Gallant horsemen they were, and well mounted. They were out upon an expedition against the Pawnee* Loups, and they behaved to us with

* The word Pawnee signifies "*exiled*," therefore it does not follow that the three tribes bearing the same name belong to the same nation.

The Grand Pawnees, the tribe among whom Mr. Murray resided, are of Dahcotah origin, and live along the shores of the river Platte; the Pawnee Loups are of the Algonquin race, speaking quite another language, and occupying the country situated between the northern forks of the same river. Both tribes are known among the trappers to be the "Crows of the East;" that is to say, thieves and treacherous. They cut their hair short, except on the scalp, as is usual among the nations which they have sprung from.

The third tribe of that name is called Pawnee Pict; these are of Comanche origin and Shoshone race, wearing their hair long, and speaking the same language as all the western great prairie tribes. They live upon the Red River, which forms the boundary betwixt North Texas and the Western American boundary, and have been visited by Mr. Cattlin, who mentions them in his work. The Picts are constantly at war with the

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the greatest kindness and hospitality. The chief knew Gabriel, and invited us to go in company with them to their place of encampment. The chief was a tall, fine fellow, and with beautiful symmetry of figure. He spoke Spanish well, and the conversation was carried on in that tongue until the evening, when I addressed him in Shoshone, which beautiful dialect is common to the Comanches, Apaches, and Arrapahoes, and related to him the circumstances of our captivity on the shores of the Colorado of the West. As I told my story, the chief was mute with astonishment, until at last, throwing aside the usual Indian decorum, he grasped me firmly by the hand. He knew I was neither a Yankee nor a Mexican, and swore that for my sake every Canadian or Frenchman falling in their power should be treated as a friend. After our meal, we sat

two other tribes of Pawnees; and though their villages are nearly one thousand miles distant from those of their enemy, their war-parties are continually scouring the country of the "Exiles of the East"—"*Pa-wah-nĕje.*"

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comfortably round the fires, and listened to several speeches and traditions of the warriors.

One point struck me forcibly during my conversation with that noble warrior. According to his version, the Comanches were in the beginning very partial to the Texians, as they were brave, and some of them generous. But he said, that afterwards, as they increased their numbers and established their power, they became a rascally people, cowards and murderers. One circumstance above all fired the blood of the Comanches, and since that time it has been and will be with them a war of extinction against the Texians.

An old Comanche, with a daughter, had separated himself from their tribe. He was a chief, but he had been unfortunate; and being sick, he retired to San Antonio to try the skill of the great Pale-face médecin. His daughter was a noble and handsome girl of eighteen, and she had not been long in the place before

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she attracted the attention of a certain doctor, a young man from Kentucky, who had been tried for murder in the States. He was the greatest scoundrel in the world, but being a desperate character, he was feared, and, of course, courted, by his fellow Texians.

Perceiving that he could not succeed in his views so long as the girl was with her father, he contrived to throw the old man into jail, and, inducing her to come to his house to see what could be done to release him, he abused her most shamefully, using blows and violence, to accomplish his purpose, to such a degree, that he left her for dead. Towards the evening, she regained some strength, and found a shelter in the dwelling of some humane Mexican.

The old Indian was soon liberated: he found his daughter, but it was on her death-bed, and then he learned the circumstances of the shameful transaction, and deeply vowed revenge. A Mexican gentleman, indignant at such a cowardly deed, in the name of out-

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raged nature and humanity, laid the cause before a jury of Texians. The doctor was acquitted by the Texian jury, upon the ground that the laws were not made for the benefit of the Comanches.

The consequences may be told in a few words. One day Dr. Cobbet was found in an adjoining field stabbed to the heart and scalped. The Indian had run away, and meeting with a party of Comanches, he related his wrongs and his revenge. They received him again into the tribe, but the injury was a national one, not sufficiently punished: that week twenty-three Texians lost their scalps, and fourteen women were carried into the wilderness, there to die in captivity.

The Comanche chief advised us to keep close to the shores of the Rio Grande, that we might not meet with the parties of the Pawnee Loups; and so much was he pleased with us, that he resolved to turn out of his way and accompany us with his men some thirty miles

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farther, when we should be comparatively out of danger. The next morning we started, the chief and I riding close together and speaking of the Shoshones. We exchanged our knives as a token of friendship, and when we parted, he assembled all his men and made the following speech :—

" The young chief of the Shoshones is returning to his brave people across the rugged mountains. Learn his name, so that you may tell your children that they have a friend in Owato Wanisha. He is neither a Shakanath (an Englishman) nor a Kishemoc Comoanak (a long knife, a Yankee). He is a chief among the tribe of our great-grandfathers, he is a chief, though he is very, very young."

At this moment all the warriors came one after the other to shake hands with me, and when this ceremony was terminated, the chief resumed his discourse.

" Owato Wanisha, we met as strangers, we part as friends. Tell your young warriors

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you have been among the Comanches, and that we would like to know them. Tell them to come, a few or many, to our *waikiams* (lodges); they will find the moshkotaj (buffalo) in plenty.

"Farewell, young chief, with a pale face and an Indian heart; the earth be light to thee and thine. May the white Manitou clear for thee the mountain path, and may you never fail to remebmer *Opishka Toaki* (the White Raven), who is thy Comanche friend, and who would fain share with thee his home, his wealth, and his wide prairies. I have said: young brother, farewell."

The tears stood in our eyes as gallantly the band wheeled round. We watched them till they had all disappeared in the horizon. And these noble fellows were Indians; had they been Texians, they would have murdered us to obtain our horses and rifles.

Two days after we crossed the Rio Grande, and entered the dreary path of the mountains

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in the hostile and inhospitable country of the Navahoes and the Crows.*

We had been travelling eight days on a most awful stony road, when at last we reached the head waters of the Colorado of the West, but we were very weak, not having touched any food during the last five days, except two small rattlesnakes, and a few berries we had picked up on the way. On the morning we had chased a large grizzly bear, but to no purpose; our poor horses and ourselves were too exhausted to follow the animal for any time, and with its disappearance vanished away all hopes of a dinner.

It was evening before we reached the river, and by that time we were so much maddened

* The Crows are gallant horsemen; but, although they have assumed the manners and customs of the Shoshones, they are of the Dahcotah breed. There is a great difference between the Shoshone tribes and the Crows. The latter want that spirit of chivalry so remarkable among the Comanches, the Arrapahoes, and the Shoshones—that nobility of feeling which scorns to take an enemy at a disadvantage. I should say that the Shoshone tribes are the lions and the Crows the tigers of these deserts.

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with hunger, that we seriously thought of killing one of our horses. Luckily at that instant we espied a smoke rising from a camp of Indians in a small valley. That they were foes we had no doubt; but hunger can make heroes, and we determined to take a meal at their expense. The fellows had been lucky, for around their tents they had hung upon poles large pieces of meat to dry. They had no horses, and only a few dogs scattered about the camp. We skirted the plain in silence, and at dark we had arrived at three hundred yards from them, concealed by the projecting rocks which formed a kind of belt around the camp.

Now was our time. Giving the Shoshone war-whoop and making as much noise as we could, we spurred on our horses, and in a few moments each of us had secured a piece of meat from the poles. The Crows (for the camp contained fifteen Crows and three Arrapahoes), on hearing the war-whoop, were so terrified that

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they had all run away without ever looking behind them; but the Arrapahoes stood their ground, and having recovered from their first surprise, they assaulted us bravely with their lances and arrows.

Roche was severely bruised by his horse falling, and my pistol, by disabling his opponent, who was advancing with his tomahawk, saved his life. Gabriel had coolly thrown his lasso round his opponent, and had already strangled him, while the third had been in the very beginning of the attack run over by my horse. Gabriel lighted on the ground, entered the lodges, cut the strings of all the bows he could find, and, collecting a few more pieces of the meat, we started at a full gallop, not being inclined to wait till the Crows should have recovered from their panic. Though our horses were very tired, we rode thirteen miles more that night, and, about ten o'clock, arrived at a beautiful spot with plenty of fine grass and cool water, upon which both we and our

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horses stretched ourselves most luxuriously even before eating.

Capital jokes were passed round that night while we were discussing the qualities of the mountain-goat flesh, but yet I felt annoyed at our feat; the thing, to be sure, had been gallantly done, still it was nothing better than highway robbery. Hunger, however, is a good palliative for conscience, and, having well rubbed our horses, who seemed to enjoy their grazing amazingly, we turned to repose, watching alternately for every three hours.

The next day at noon we met with unexpected sport and company. As we were going along, we perceived two men at a distance, sitting close together upon the ground, and apparently in a vehement conversation. As they were white men, we dismounted and secured our horses, and then crept silently along until we were near the strangers. They were two very queer-looking beings; one long and lean, the other short and stout.

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"Bless me," the fat one said, "bless me, Pat Swiney, but I think the Frenchers will never return, and so we must die here like starved dogs."

"Och," answered the thin one, "they have gone to kill game. By St. Patrick, I wish it would come, raw or cooked, for my bowels are twisting like worms on a hook."

"O, Pat, be a good man; can't you go and pick some berries? my stomach is like an empty bag."

"Faith, my legs an't better than yours," answered the Irishman, patting his knee with a kind of angry gesture. And for the first time we perceived that the legs of both of them were shockingly swollen.

"If we could only meet with the Welsh Indians or a gold mine," resumed the short man.

"Botheration," exclaimed his irascible companion. "Bother them all—the Welsh Indians and the Welsh English."

We saw that hunger had made the poor fel-

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lows rather quarrelsome, so we kindly interfered with a tremendous war-whoop. The fat one closed his eyes and allowed himself to fall down, while his fellow in misfortune rose up in spite of the state of his legs.

"Come," roared he, "come, ye rascally red devils, do your worst without marcy, for I am lame and hungry."

There was something noble in his words and pathetic in the action. Roche, putting his hand on his shoulder, whispered some Irish words in his ear, and the poor fellow almost cut a caper. "Faith," he said, "if you are not a Cork boy you are the devil; but devil or no, for the sake of the old country, give us something to eat—to me and that poor Welsh dreamer. I fear your *hellish* yell has taken the life out of him."

Such was not the case. At the words "*something to eat,*" the fellow opened his eyes with a stare, and exclaimed—

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"The Welsh Indians, by St. David."

We answered him with a roar of merriment that rather confused him, and his companion answered.

"Ay! Welsh Indians or Irish Indians, for what I know. Get up, will ye, ye lump of flesh, and politely tell the gentlemen that we have tasted nothing for the last three days."

Of course we lost no time in lighting a fire and bringing our horses. The meat was soon cooked, and it was wonderful to see how quickly it disappeared in the jaws of our two new friends. We had yet about twelve pounds of it, and we were entering a country where game would be found daily, so we did not repine at their most inordinate appetites, but, on the contrary, encouraged them to continue. When the first pangs of hunger were a little soothed, they both looked at us with moist and grateful eyes.

"Och," said the Irishman, "but ye are

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kind gentlemen, whatever you may be, to give us so good a meal when perhaps you have no more."

Roche shook him by the hand. "Eat on, fellow," he said, "eat on and never fear. We will afterwards see what can be done for the legs." As to the Welshman, he never said a word for a full half-hour. He would look, but could neither speak nor hear, so intensely busy was he with an enormous piece of half-raw flesh, which he was tearing and swallowing like a hungry wolf. There is, however, an end to every thing, and when satiety had succeeded to want, they related us the circumstance that had led them where they were.

They had come as journeymen with a small caravan going from St. Louis to Astoria. On the Green River they had been attacked by a war-party of the Black-feet, who had killed all except them, thanks to the Irishman's presence of mind, who pushed his fat companion into a deep fissure of the earth, and jumped

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after him. Thus they saved their bacon, and had soon the consolation of hearing the savages carrying away the goods, leading the mules towards the north. For three days they had wandered south, in the hope of meeting with some trappers, and this very morning they had fallen in with two French trappers, who told them to remain there and repose till their return, as they were going after game.

While they were narrating their history, the two trappers arrived with a fat buck. They were old friends, having both of them travelled and hunted with Gabriel. We resolved not to proceed any further that day, and they laughed a great deal when we related to them our prowess against the Crows. An application of bruised leaves of the Gibson weed upon the legs of the two sufferers immediately soothed their pain, and the next morning they were able to use Roche's and Gabriel's horses, and to follow us to Brownhall, an American fur-trading port, which place we reached in two days.

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There we parted from our company, and rapidly continued our march towards the settlement. Ten days did we travel thus in the heart of a fine country, where game at every moment crossed our path. We arrived in the deserted country of the Bonnaxes, and were scarcely two days' journey from the Eastern Shoshone boundary, when, as ill luck would have it, we met once more with our old enemies, the Arrapahoes. This time, however, we were determined not to be put any more on dog's-meat allowance, and to fight, if necessary, in defence of our liberty.

We were surrounded, but not yet taken; and space being ours and our rifles true, we hoped to escape, not one of our enemies having, as we well knew, any firearms. They reduced their circle smaller and smaller, till they stood at about a hundred and fifty yards from us; their horses fat and plump, but of the small wild breed, and incapable of running a race with our tall and beautiful Mexican chargers. At that

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moment Gabriel raised his hand, as if for a signal; we all three darted like lightning through the line of warriors, who were too much taken by surprise even to use their bows. They soon recovered from their astonishment, and giving the war-whoop, with many ferocious yells of disappointment, dashed after us at their utmost speed.

Their horses, as I have said, could not run a race with ours, but in a long chase their hardy little animals would have had the advantage, especially as our own steeds had already performed so long a journey. During the two first hours we kept them out of sight, but towards dark, as our beasts gave in, we saw their forms in the horizon becoming more and more distinct, while, to render our escape less probable, we found ourselves opposed in front by a chain of mountains, not high, but very steep and rugged.

"On, ahead, we are safe!" cried Gabriel. Of course, there was no time for explanation,

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and ten minutes more saw us at the foot of the mountain. "Not a word, but do as I do," again said my companion. We followed his example by unsaddling our animals and taking off the bridles, with which we whipped them. The poor things, though tired, galloped to the south, as if they were aware of the impending danger.

"I understand, Gabriel," said I, "the savages cannot see us in the shades of these hills; they will follow our horses by the sounds."

Gabriel chuckled with delight. "Right," said he, "right enough, but it is not all. I know of a boat on the other side of the mountain, and the Ogden river will carry us not far from the Buona Ventura."

I started. "A mistake," I exclaimed, "dear friend, a sad mistake, we are more than thirty miles from the river."

"From the main river, yes," answered he,

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shaking my hand, " but many an otter have I killed in a pretty lake two miles from here, at the southern side of this hill. There I have a boat well concealed, as I hope ; and it is a place where we may defy all the Arrapahoes, and the Crows to back them. From that lake to the river it is but thirty miles' paddling in a smooth canal, made either by nature or by a former race of men."

I need not say how cheerfully we walked these two miles, in spite of the weight of our saddles, rifles, and accoutrements. Our ascent was soon over, and striking into a small tortuous deer-path, we perceived below us the transparent sheet of water, in which a few stars already reflected their pale and tremulous light. When we reached the shore of the lake, we found ourselves surrounded by vast and noble ruins, like those on the Buona Ventura, but certainly much more romantic. Gabriel welcomed us to his trapping-ground, as a lord

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in his domain, and soon brought out a neat little canoe, from under a kind of ancient vault.

"This canoe," said he, "once belonged to one of the poor fellows that was murdered with the Prince Seravalle. We brought it here six years ago with great secrecy; it cost him twenty dollars, a rifle, and six blankets. Now, in the middle of this lake there is an island, where he and I lived together, and where we can remain for months without any fear of Indians or starvation."

We all three entered the canoe, leaving our saddles behind us, to recover them on the following day. One hour's paddling brought us to the island, and it was truly a magnificent spot. It was covered with ruins; graceful obelisks were shaded by the thick foliage of immense trees, and the soft light of the moon, beaming on the angles of the ruined monuments, gave to the whole scenery the hue of an Italian landscape.

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"Here we are safe," said Gabriel, "and to-morrow you will discover that my old resting-place is not deficient in comfort."

As we were very tired, we laid down and soon slept, forgetting in this little paradise the dangers and the fatigues of the day. Our host's repose, however, was shorter than mine, for long before morn he had gone to fetch our saddles. Roche and I would probably have slept till his return, had we not been awakened by the report of a rifle, which came down to us, repeated by a thousand echoes. An hour of intense anxiety was passed, till at last we saw Gabriel paddling towards us. The sound of the rifle had, however, betrayed our place of concealment, and as Gabriel neared the island, the shore opposite to us began to swarm with our disappointed enemies, who, in all probability, had camped in the neighbourhood. As my friend landed, I was beginning to scold him for his imprudence in using his rifle under our present circumstances, when a glance shewed me

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at once he had met with an adventure similar to mine near Santa Fé. In the canoe lay the skin of a large finely-spotted jaquar, and by it a young cub, playing unconsciously with the scalping-knife, yet reeking in its mother's blood.

"Could not help it,—self-defence!" exclaimed he, jumping on shore. "Now the red devils know where we are, but it is a knowledge that brings them little good. The lake is ten fathoms in depth, and they will not swim three miles under the muzzles of our rifles. When they are tired of seeing us fishing, and hearing us laughing, they will go away like disappointed foxes."

So it proved. That day we took our rifles and went in the canoe to within eighty yards of the Indians, on the main land, we fishing for trouts, and inviting them to share in our sport. They yelled awfully, and abused us not

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a little, calling us by all the names their rage could find: squaws, dogs of Pale-faces, cowards, thieves, &c. At last, however, they retired in the direction of the river, hoping yet to have us in their power; but so little had we to fear, that we determined to pass a few days on the island, that we might repose from our fatigues.

When we decided upon continuing our route, Gabriel and Roche were obliged to leave their saddles and bridles behind, as the canoe was too small for ourselves and luggage. This was a misfortune which could be easily repaired at the settlement, and till then saddles, of course, were useless. We went on merrily from forty-five to fifty miles every day, on the surface of the most transparent and coolest water in the world. During the night we would land and sleep on the shore. Game was very plentiful, for at almost every minute we would pass a stag or a bull drink-

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ing; sometimes at only twenty yards' distance.

During this trip on the Ogden river, we passed four other magnificent lakes, but not one of them bearing any marks of former civilization, as on the shores of the first one which had sheltered us. We left the river two hundred and forty miles from where we had commenced our navigation, and, carrying our canoe over a portage of three miles, we launched it again upon one of the tributaries of the Buona Ventura, two hundred miles north-east from the settlement.

The current was now in our favour, and in four days more we landed among my good friends, the Shoshones, who, after our absence of nine months, received us with almost a childish joy. They had given us up for dead, and suspecting the Crows of having had a hand in our disappearance, they had made an invasion into their territory.

Six days after our arrival, our three horses

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were perceived swimming across the river; the faithful animals had also escaped from our enemies, and found their way back to their masters and their native prairies.

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CHAPTER XV.

During my long absence and captivity among the Arrapahoes, I had often reflected upon the great advantages which would accrue if, by any possibility, the various tribes which were of Shoshone origin could be induced to unite with them in one confederacy; and the more I reflected upon the subject, the more resolved I became, that if ever I returned to the settlement, I would make the proposition to our chiefs in council.

The numbers composing these tribes were as follows:—The Shoshones, amounting to about 60,000, independent of the mountain tribes, which we might compute at 10,000

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more; the Apaches, about 40,000; the Arrapahoes, about 20,000; the Comanches and the tribes springing from them, at the lowest computation, amounting to 60,000 more. Speaking the same language, having the same religious formula, the same manners and customs; nothing appeared to me to be more feasible. The Arrapahoes were the only one tribe which was generally at variance with us, but they were separated from the Shoshones much later than the other tribes, and were therefore even more Shoshone than the Apaches and Comanches.

Shortly after my return, I acted upon my resolution. I summoned all the chiefs of our nation to a great council, and in the month of August, 1839, we were all assembled outside of the walls of the settlement. After the preliminary ceremonies, I addressed them:—

"Shoshones! brave children of the Grand Serpent! my wish is to render you happy, rich, and powerful. During the day I think of it; I dream of it in my sleep. At last, I

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have had great thoughts—thoughts proceeding from the Manitou. Hear now the words of Owato Wanisha; he is young, very young; his skin is that of a Pale-face, but his heart is a Shoshone's.

"When you refused to till the ground, you did well, for it was not in your nature—the nature of man cannot be changed like that of a moth. Yet, at that time, you understood well the means which give power to a great people. Wealth alone can maintain the superiority that bravery has asserted. Wealth and bravery make strength—strength which nothing can break down, except the great Master of Life.

"The Shoshones knew this a long time ago; they are brave, but they have no wealth; and if they still keep their superiority, it is because their enemies are at this time awed by the strength and the cunning of their warriors. But the Shoshones, to keep their ground, will some day be obliged to sleep always on their

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borders, to repel their enemies. They will be too busy to fish and to hunt. Their squaws and children will starve! Even now the evil has begun. What hunting and what fishing have you had this last year? None! As soon as the braves had arrived at their hunting-ground, they were obliged to return back to defend their squaws and to punish their enemies.

"Now, why should not the Shoshones put themselves at once above the reach of such chances? why should they not get rich? They object to planting grain and tobacco. They do well, as other people can do that for them; but there are many other means of getting strength and wealth. These I will teach to my tribe!

"The Shoshones fight the Crows, because the Crows are thieves; the Flat-heads, because they are greedy of our buffaloes; the Umbiquas, because they steal horses. Were it not for them, the children of the Grand Serpent would never fight; their lodges would fill with

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wealth, and that wealth would purchase all the good things of the white men from distant lands. These white men come to the Watchinangoes (Mexicans), to take the hides of their oxen, the wool of their sheep. They would come to us, if we had any thing to offer them. Let us then call them, for we have the hides of thousands of buffaloes; we have the furs of the beaver and the otter; we have plenty of copper in our mountains and of gold in our streams.

"Now, hear me. When a Shoshone chief thinks that the Crows will attack his lodge, he calls his children and his nephews around him. A nation can do the same. The Shoshones have many brave children in the prairies of the South, they have many more on the borders of the Yankees. All of them think and speak like their ancestors; they are the same people. Now would it not be good and wise to have all these brave grand-children and grand-nephews as your neighbours and

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allies, instead of the Crows, the Cayuses, and the Umbiquas? Yes, it would. Who would dare to come from the north across a country inhabited by the warlike Comanches, or from the south and the rising sun, through the wigwams of the Apaches? The Shoshones would then have more than 30,000 warriors; they would sweep the country, from the sea to the mountains, from the river of the north (Columbia) to the towns of the Watchinangoes. When the white men would come in their big canoes, as traders and friends, we would receive them well; if they come as foes, we will laugh at them, and whip them like dogs. These are the thoughts which I wanted to make known to the Shoshones.

"During my absence, I have seen the Apaches and the Comanches. They are both great nations. Let us send some wise men to invite them to return to their fathers; let our chiefs offer them wood, land, and water. I have said."

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As long as I spoke, the deepest silence reigned over the whole assembly; but as soon as I sat down, and began smoking, there was a general movement, which shewed me that I had made an impression. The old great chief rose, however, and the murmurs were hushed. He spoke :—

" Owato Wanisha has spoken. I have heard. It was a strange vision, a beautiful dream. My heart came young again, my body lighter, and my eyes more keen. Yet I cannot see the future; I must fast and pray, I must ask the great Master of Life to lend me his wisdom.

" I know the Comanches, I know the Apaches, and the Arrapahoes. They are our children; I know it. The Comanches have left us a long, long time, but the Apaches and Arrapahoes have not yet forgotten the hunting-grounds where their fathers were born. When I was but a young hunter, they would come every snow to the lodge of our Manitou, to offer their presents. It was long before any

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Pale-face had passed the mountains. Since that the leaves of the oaks have grown and died eighty times. It is a long while for a man, but for a nation it is but as yesterday.

"They are our children,—it would be good to have them with us; they would share our hunts; we would divide our wealth with them. Then we would be strong. Owato Wanisha has spoken well; he hath learned many mysteries with the *Macota Conaya* (black robes, priests); he is wise. Yet, as I have said, the Red-skin chiefs must ask wisdom from the Great Master. He will let us know what is good and what is bad. At the next moon, we will return to the council. I have said."

All the chiefs departed, to prepare for their fasting and ceremonies, while Gabriel, Roche, my old servant, and myself concerted our measures so as to insure the success of my enterprise. My servant I despatched to Monterey, Gabriel to the nearest village of the Apaches, and as it was proper, according to

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Indian ideas, that I should be out of the way during the ceremonies, so as not to influence any chief, I retired with Roche to the boat-house, to pass the time until the new moon.

Upon the day agreed upon, we were all once more assembled at the council-ground, on the shores of the Buona Ventura. The chiefs and elders of the tribe had assumed a solemn demeanour, and even the men of dark deeds (the Médecins) and the keepers of the sacred lodges had made their appearance, in their professional dresses, so as to impress upon the beholders the importance of the present transaction. One of the sacred lodge first arose, and making a signal with his hand, prepared to speak :—

" Shoshones," said he, " now has come the time in which our nation must either rise above all others, as the eagle of the mountains rises above the small birds, or sink down and disappear from the surface of the earth. Had we been left such as we were before the Pale-

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faces crossed the mountains, we would have needed no other help but a Shoshone heart and our keen arrows to crush our enemies; but the Pale-faces have double hearts, as well as a double tongue; they are friends or enemies as their thirst for wealth guides them. They trade with the Shoshones, but they also trade with the Crows and the Umbiquas. The young chief, Owato Wanisha, hath proposed a new path to our tribe; he is young, but he hath received his wisdom from the Black-gowns, who, of all men, are the most wise. I have heard, as our elders and ancient chiefs have also heard, the means by which he thinks we can succeed; we have fasted, we have prayed to the Master of Life to shew unto us the path which we must follow. Shoshones, we live in a strange time! Our great Manitou bids us Red-skins obey the Pale-face, and follow him to conquer or die. I have said! The chief of many winters will now address his warriors and friends!"

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A murmur ran through the whole assembly, who seemed evidently much moved by this political speech from one whom they were accustomed to look upon with dread, as the interpreter of the will of Heaven. The old chief, who had already spoken in the former council, now rose and spoke with a tremulous, yet distinct voice.

"I have fasted, I have prayed, I have dreamed. Old men, who have lived almost all their life, have a keener perception to read the wishes of the Master of Life concerning the future. I am a chief, and have been a chief during sixty changes of the season. I am proud of my station, and as I have struck deepest in the heart of our enemies, I am jealous of that power which is mine, and would yield it to no one, if the great Manitou did not order it. When this sun will have disappeared behind the salt-water, I shall no longer be a chief! Owato Wanisha will guide our warriors, he will preside in council, for two

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gods are with him—the Manitou of the Pale-faces and the Manitou of the Red-skins.

"Hear my words, Shoshones! I shall soon join my father and grandfather in the happy lands, for I am old! Yet, before my bones are buried at the foot of the hills, it would brighten my heart to see the glory of the Shoshones, which I know must be in a short time. Hear my words! Long ages ago some of our children, not finding our hunting-grounds wide enough for the range of their arrows, left us. They first wandered in the south and in the beautiful prairies of the east, under a climate blessed by the good spirits. They grew and grew in number till their families were as numerous as ours, and as they were warriors and their hearts big, they spread themselves, and, soon crossing the big mountains, their eagle glance saw on each side of their territory the salt-water of the sunrise and the salt-water of the sunset. These are the Comanches, a powerful nation. The Comanches

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even now have a Shoshone heart, a Shoshone tongue. Owato Wanisha has been with them; he says they are friends, and have not forgotten that they are the children of the Great Serpent.

"Long, long while afterwards, yet not long enough that it should escape the memory and the records of our holy men, some other of our children, hearing of the power of the Comanches, of their wealth, of their beautiful country, determined also to leave us and spread to the south. These are the Apaches. From the top of the big mountains, always covered with snow, they look towards the bed of the sun. They see the green grass of the prairie below them, and afar the blue salt-water. Their houses are as numerous as the stars in heaven, their warriors as thick as the shells in the bottom of our lakes. They are brave; they are feared by the Pale-faces,—by all; and they, too, know that we are their fathers; their tongue is our tongue; their Manitou our Manitou, their heart a portion of our heart; and

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never has the knife of a Shoshone drunk the blood of an Apache, nor the belt of an Apache suspended the scalp of a Shoshone.

"And afterwards, again, more of our children left us. But that time they left us because we were angry. They were a few families of chiefs, who had grown strong and proud. They wished to lord over our wigwams, and we drove them away, as the panther drives away her cubs, when their claws and teeth have been once turned against her. These are the Arrapahoes. They are strong and our enemies, yet they are a noble nation. I have in my lodge twenty of their scalps; they have many of ours. They fight by the broad light of the day, with the lance, bow, and arrows; they scorn treachery. Are they not, although rebels and unnatural children, still the children of the Shoshones? Who ever heard of the Arrapahoes entering the war-path in night? No one! They are no Crows, no Umbiquas, no Flat-heads! They can give death, they

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know how to receive it,—straight and upright, knee to knee, breast to breast, and their eye drinking the glance of their foe.

"Well, these Arrapahoes are our neighbours; often, very often, too much so (as many of our widows can say), when they unbury their tomahawk and enter the war-path against the Shoshones. Why; can two suns light the same prairie, or two male eagles cover the same nest? No. Yet numerous stars appear during night all joined together and obedient to the moon. Blackbirds and parrots will unite their numerous tribes, and take the same flight to seek all together a common rest and shelter for a night; it is a law of nature. The Red-skin knows none but the laws of nature. The Shoshone is an eagle on the hills, a bright sun in the prairie, so is an Arrapahoe; they must both struggle and fight till one sun is thrown into darkness, or one eagle, blind and winged, falls down the rocks and leaves the whole nest to its conqueror. The Arrapahoes would

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not fight a cowardly Crow except for self-defence, for he smells of carrion; nor would a Shoshone.

"Crows, Umbiquas, and Flat-heads, Cayuses, Bonnaxes, and Callapoos can hunt *all* together, and rest together; they are the blackbirds and the parrots; they must do so, else the eagle should destroy them during the day, or the hedgehog during the night.

"Now, Owato Wanisha, or his Manitou, has offered a bold thing. I have thought of it, I have spoken of it to the spirits of the Red-skin; they said it was good; I say it is good! I am a chief of many winters; I know what is good, I know what is bad! Shoshones, hear me! my voice is weak, come nearer; hearken to my words, hist! I hear a whisper under the ripples of the water, I hear it in the waving of the grass, I feel it on the breeze!—hist, it is the whisper of the Master of Life,—hist!"

At this moment the venerable chief appeared abstracted, his face flushed; then followed a

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trance, as if he were communing with some invisible spirit. Intensely and silently did the warriors watch the struggles of his noble features; the time had come in which the minds of the Shoshones were freed of their prejudices, and dared to contemplate the prospective of a future general domination over the western continent of America. The old chief raised his hand, and he spoke again:—

"Children, for you are my children! Warriors, for you are all brave! Chiefs, for you are all chiefs! I have seen a vision. It was a cloud, and the Manitou was upon it. The cloud gave way, and behind I saw a vast nation, large cities, rich wigwams, strange boats, and great parties of warriors, whose trail was so long that I could not see the beginning nor the end. It was in a country which I felt within me was extending from the north, where all is ice, down to the south, where all is fire! Then a big voice was heard! It was not a war-whoop, it was not the yell of the fiends,

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it was not the groan of the captive tied to the stake; it was a voice of glory, that shouted the name of the Shoshones—for all were Shoshones. There were no Pale-faces among them, —none! Owato Wanisha was there, but he had a red skin, and his hair was black; so were his two fathers, but they were looking young; so was his aged and humble friend, but his limbs seemed to have recovered all the activity and vigour of youth; so were his two young friends, who have fought so bravely at the post, when the cowardly Umbiquas entered our grounds. This is all what I have heard, all what I have seen; and the whisper said to me, as the vision faded away, 'Lose no time, old chief, the day has come! Say to thy warriors, Listen to the young Pale-face. The Great Spirit of the Red-skin will pass into his breast, and lend him some words that the Shoshone will understand.'

"I am old and feeble; I am tired; arise, my grandson Owato Wanisha; speak to my war-

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riors; tell them the wishes of the Great Spirit. I have spoken."

Thus called upon, I advanced to the place which the chief had left vacant, and spoke in my turn:—

"Shoshones, fathers, brothers, warriors,—I am a Pale-face, but you know all my heart is a Shoshone's. I am young, but no more a child. It is but a short time since that I was a hunter; since that time the Manitou has made me a warrior, and led me among strange and distant tribes, where he taught me what I should do to render the Shoshones a great people. Hear my words, for I have but one tongue; it is the tongue of my heart, and in my heart now dwells the Good Spirit. Wonder not, if I assume the tone of command to give orders; the orders I will give are the Manitou's.

"The twelve wisest heads of the Shoshones will go to the Arrapahoes. With them they will take presents; they will take ten sons of chiefs, who have themselves led men on the

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war-path; they will take ten young girls, fair to look at, daughters of chiefs, whose voices are soft as the warbling of the birds in the fall. At the great council of the Arrapahoes, the ten girls will be offered to ten great chiefs, and ten great chiefs will offer their own daughters to our ten young warriors; they will offer peace for ever; they will exchange all the scalps, and they will say that their fathers, the Shoshones, will once more open their arms to their brave children. Our best hunting-ground shall be theirs; they will fish the salmon of our rivers; they will be Arrapahoes Shoshones; we will become Shoshones Arrapahoes. I have already sent to the settlement of the Watchinangoes my ancient Pale-face friend of the stout heart and keen eye; shortly we will see at the post a vessel with arms, ammunition, and presents for the nation. I will go myself with a party of warriors to the prairies of the Apaches, and among the Comanches.

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"Yet I hear within me a stout voice, which I must obey. My grandfather, the old chief, has said he should be no more a chief. It was wrong, very wrong; the Manitou is angry. Is the buffalo less a buffalo when he grows old, or the eagle less an eagle when a hundred winters have whitened his wings? No! their nature cannot change, not more than that of a chief, and that chief, a chief of the Shoshones!

"Owato Wanisha will remain what he is; he is too young to be the great chief of the whole of a great nation. His wish is good, but his wisdom is of yesterday; he cannot rule. To rule belongs to those who have deserved doing so, by long experience. No! Owato Wanisha will lead his warriors to the war-path, or upon the trail of the buffalo; he will go and talk to the grandchildren of the Shoshones; more he cannot do!

"Let now the squaws prepare the farewell meal, and make ready the green paint; to-

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morrow I shall depart, with fifty of my young men. I have spoken."

The council being broken up, I had to pass through the ceremony of smoking the pipe and shaking hands with those who could call themselves warriors. On the following morning, fifty magnificent horses, richly caparisoned, were led to the lawn before the council lodge. Fifty warriors soon appeared, in their gaudiest dresses, all armed with the lance, bow, and lasso, and rifle suspended across the shoulder. Then there was a procession of all the tribe, divided into two bands, the first headed by the chiefs and holy men; the other, by the young virgins. Then the dances commenced; the elders sang their exploits of former days, as an example to their children; the young men exercised themselves at the war-post; and the matrons, wives, mothers, or sisters of the travellers painted their faces with green and red, as a token of the nature of their mission. When this task was performed, the whole of

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the procession again formed their ranks, and joined in a chorus, asking the Manitou for success, and bidding us farewell. I gave the signal; all my men sprang up in their saddles, and the gallant little band, after having rode twice round the council lodge, galloped away into the prairie.

Two days after us, another party was to start for the country of the Arrapahoes, with the view of effecting a reconciliation between our two tribes.

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CHAPTER XVI.

At this time, the generally bright prospects of California were clouding over. Great changes had taken place in the Mexican government, new individuals had sprung into power, and their followers were recompensed with dignities and offices. But, as these offices had been already filled by others, it was necessary to remove the latter, and, consequently, the government had made itself more enemies.

Such was the case in California; but that the reader may understand the events which are to follow, it is necessary to draw a brief sketch of the country. I have already said that California embraces four hundred miles

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of sea-coast upon the Pacific Ocean. On the east, it is bounded by the Californian gulf, forming, in fact, a long peninsula. The only way of arriving at it by land, from the interior of Mexico, is to travel many hundred miles north, across the wild deserts of Sonora, and through tribes of Indians which, from the earliest records down to our days, have always been hostile to the Spaniards, and, of course, to the Mexicans. Yet far as California is—too far indeed for the government of Mexico to sufficiently protect it, either from Indian inroads or from the depredations of pirates, by which, indeed, the coast has much suffered—it does not prevent the Mexican government from exacting taxes from the various settlements—taxes enormous in themselves, and so onerous, that they will ever prevent these countries from becoming what they ought to be, under a better government.

The most northerly establishment of Mexico on the Pacific Ocean is San Francisco; the

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next, Monterey; then comes San Barbara, St. Luis Obispo, Buona Ventura, and, finally, St. Diego; besides these sea-ports, are many cities in the interior, such as St. Juan Campestrano, Los Angelos, the largest town in California, and San Gabriel. Disturbances, arising from the ignorance and venality of the Mexican dominion, very often happen in these regions; new individuals are continually appointed to rule them; and these individuals are generally men of broken fortunes and desperate characters, whose extortions become so intolerable that, at last, the Californians, in spite of their lazy disposition, rise upon their petty tyrants. Such was now the case at Monterey. A new governor had arrived; the old General Moreno had, under false pretexts, been dismissed, and recalled to the central department, to answer to many charges preferred against him.

The new governor, a libertine of the lowest class of the people, half monk and half soldier,

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who had carved his way through the world by murder, rapine, and abject submission to his superiors, soon began to stretch an iron hand over the town's-people. The Montereyans will bear much, yet under their apparent docility and moral apathy there lurks a fire which, once excited, pours forth flames of destruction. Moreover, the foreigners established in Monterey had, for a long time, enjoyed privileges which they were not willing to relinquish; and as they were, generally speaking, wealthy, they enjoyed a certain degree of influence over the lower classes of the Mexicans.

Immediately after the first extortion of the new governor, the population rose *en masse*, and disarmed the garrison. The presidio was occupied by the insurgents, and the tyrant was happy to escape on board an English vessel, bound to Acapulco.

However, on this occasion the Montereyans did not break their fealty to the Mexican government; they wanted justice, and they took

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it into their own hands. One of the most affluent citizens was unanimously selected governor *pro tempore,* till another should arrive, and they returned to their usual pleasures and apathy, just as if nothing extraordinary had happened. The name of the governor thus driven away was Fonseca. Knowing well that success alone could have justified his conduct, he did not attempt to return to Mexico, but meeting with some pirates, at that time ravaging the coasts in the neighbourhood of Guatimala, he joined them, and, excited by revenge and cupidity, he conceived the idea of conquering California for himself. He succeeded in enlisting into his service some 150 vagabonds from all parts of the earth—runaway sailors, escaped criminals, and, among the number, some forty Sandwich Islanders, brave and desperate fellows, who were allured with the hopes of plunder.

I may as well here mention, that there is a great number of these Sandwich Islanders

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swarming all along the coast of California, between which and the Sandwich Islands a very smart trade is carried on by the natives and the Americans. The vessels employed to perform the voyage are always double manned, and once on the shores of California, usually half of the crew deserts. Accustomed to a warm climate and to a life of indolence, they find themselves perfectly comfortable and happy in the new country. They engage themselves now and then as journeymen, to fold the hides, and, with their earnings, they pass a life of inebriety singularly contrasting with the well-known abstemiousness of the Spaniards. Such men had Fonseca taken into his service, and having seized upon a small store of arms and ammunition, he prepared for his expedition.

In the meanwhile the governor of Senora having been apprized of the movements at Monterey, took upon himself to punish the out-

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break, imagining that his zeal would be highly applauded by the Mexican government. Just at this period troops having come from Chihuahua, to quell an insurrection of the conquered Indians, he took the field in person, and advanced towards California. Leaving the ex-governor Fonseca and the governor of Senora for a while, I shall return to my operations among the Indians.

I have stated, that upon the resolution of the Shoshones to unite the tribes, I had despatched my old servant to Monterey, and Gabriel to the nearest Apache village. This last had found a numerous party of that tribe on the waters of the Colorado of the west, and was coming in the direction which I had myself taken, accompanied by the whole party. We soon met; the Apaches heard with undeniable pleasure the propositions I made unto them, and they determined that one hundred of their chiefs and warriors should accompany me on

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my return to the Shoshones, in order to arrange with the elders of the tribe the compacts of the treaty.

On our return we passed through the Arrapahoes, who had already received my messengers, and had accepted as well as given the *brides*, which were to consolidate an indissoluble union. As to the Comanches, seeing the distance, and the time which must necessarily be lost in going and returning, I postponed my embassy to them, until the bonds of union between the three nations, Shoshones, Apaches, and Arrapahoes, should be so firmly cemented as not to be broken. The Arrapahoes followed the example of the Apaches, and a hundred warriors, well mounted and equipped, joined us to go and see their fathers, the Shoshones, and smoke with them the calumet of eternal peace.

We were now a gallant band, two hundred and fifty strong, and in order to find game sufficient for the subsistence of so many individuals, we were obliged to take a long range

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to the south, so as to fall upon the prairies bordering the Buona Ventura. Chance, however, led us into a struggle, in which I became afterwards deeply involved. Scarcely had we reached the river, when we met with a company of fifteen individuals, composed of some of my old Monterey friends. They were on their way to the settlement, to ask my help against the governor of Senora, and the Indians being all unanimous in their desire to chastise him, and to acquire the good-will of the wealthy people of Monterey, I yielded to circumstances and altered our course to the south. My old servant had come with the deputation, and from him I learnt the whole of the transaction.

It appears that the governor of Senora declared, that he would whip like dogs, and hang the best part of the population of Monterey, principally the Anglo-Saxon settlers, the property of whom he intended to confiscate for his own private use. If he could but have kept his own counsel, he would of a certainty

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have succeeded, but the Montereyans were aware of his intentions, even before he had reached the borders of California.

Deputations were sent to the neighbouring towns, and immediately a small body of determined men started to occupy the passes through which the governor had to proceed. There they learnt with dismay, that the force they would have to contend with was at least ten times more numerous than their own; they were too brave, however, to retire without a blow in defence of their independence, and remembering the intimacy contracted with me, together with the natural antipathy of the Indians against the Watchinangoes, or Mexicans, they determined to ask our help, offering in return a portion of the wealth they could command in cattle, arms, ammunition, and other articles of great value among savages.

The governor's army amounted to five hundred men, two hundred of them soldiers in uniform, and the remainder half-bred

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stragglers, fond of pillage, but too cowardly to fight for it. It was agreed that I and my men, being all on horseback, should occupy the prairie, where we would conceal ourselves in an ambush. The Montereyans and their friends were to give way at the approach of the governor, as if afraid of disputing the ground, and then when the whole of the hostile army should be in full pursuit, we were to charge them in flank, and put them to rout. All happened as was anticipated; we mustered about three hundred and fifteen men, acting under one single impulse, and sanguine as to success. On came the governor with his heroes.

A queer sight it was, and a noisy set of fellows they were; nevertheless, we could see that they were rather afraid of meeting with opposition, for they stopped at the foot of the hill, and perceiving some eight or ten Montereyans at the top of the pass, they despatched a white flag, to see if it were not possible to make some

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kind of compromise. Our friends pretended to be much terrified, and retreated down towards the prairie. Seeing this, our opponents became very brave. They marched, galloped, and rushed on without order, till they were fairly in our power; then we gave the war-whoop, which a thousand echoes rendered still more terrible.

We fired not a bullet, we shot not an arrow, yet we obtained a signal victory. Soldiers and stragglers threw themselves on the ground to escape from death, while the governor, trusting to his horse's speed, darted away to save himself. Yet his cowardice cost him his life, for his horse tumbling down, he broke his neck. Thus perished the only victim of this campaign.

We took the guns and ammunition of our vanquished opponents, leaving them only one fusil for every ten men, with a number of cartridges sufficient to prevent their starving on their return home. Their leader was buried where he

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had fallen, and thus ended this mock engagement. Yet another battle was to be fought, which, though successful, did not terminate in quite so ludicrous a manner.

By this time Fonseca was coasting along the shore, but the south-easterly winds preventing him from making Monterey, he entered the Bay of St. Francisco. This settlement is very rich, its population being composed of the descendants of English and American merchants, who had acquired a fortune in the Pacific trade; it is called *Yerba buena* (the good grass), from the beautiful meadows of wild clover which extend around it for hundreds of miles.

There Fonseca had landed with about two hundred rascals of his own stamp, and his first act of aggression had been to plunder and destroy the little city. The inhabitants of course fled in every direction; and on meeting us, they promised the Indians half of the articles which had been plundered from them, if we could overpower the invaders and recapture them.

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I determined to surprise the rascals in the midst of their revellings. I divided my little army into three bands, giving to Gabriel the command of the Apaches, with orders to occupy the shores of the bay and destroy the boats, so that the pirates should not escape to their vessels. The Arrapahoes were left in the prairie around the city to intercept those who might endeavour to escape by land. The third party I commanded myself. It consisted of fifty well-armed Shoshones and fifty-four Mexicans from the coast, almost all of them sons of English or American settlers.

Early in the morning we entered into what had been, a few days before, a pretty little town. It was now nothing but a heap of ruins, among which a few tents had been spread for night shelter. The sailors and pirates were all tipsy, scattered here and there on the ground, in profound sleep. The Sandwichers, collected in a mass, lay near the tents. Near them stood a large pile of boxes, kegs, bags, &c.; it

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was the plunder. We should have undoubtedly seized upon the brigands without any bloodshed had not the barking of the dogs awakened the Sandwichers, who were up in a moment. They gave the alarm, seized their arms, and closed fiercely and desperately with my left wing, which was composed of the white men.

These suffered a great deal and broke their ranks; but I wheeled round and surrounded the fellows with my Shoshones, who did not even use their rifles, the lance and tomahawk performing their deadly work in silence, and with such a despatch, that in ten minutes but few of the miserable islanders lived to complain of their wounds. My Mexicans, having rallied, seized upon Fonseca and destroyed many of the pirates in their beastly state of intoxication. Only a few attempted to fight, the greater number staggering towards the beach to seek shelter in their boats. But the Apaches had already performed their duty; the smallest boats they had dragged on shore,

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the largest they had scuttled and sunk. Charging upon the miserable fugitives, they transfixed them with their spears, and our victory was complete.

The pirates remaining on board the two vessels, perceiving how matters stood, saluted us with a few discharges of grape and cannister, which did no execution; the sailors, being almost all of them runaway Yankees, were in all probability as drunk as their companions on shore. At last they succeeded in heaving up their anchors, and, favoured by the land-breeze, they soon cleared the bay. Since that time nothing has been heard of them.

Fonseca, now certain of his fate, proved to be as mean and cowardly as he had been tyrannical before his defeat. He made me many splendid offers if I would but let him go and try his fortune elsewhere; seeing how much I despised him, he turned to the Mexicans, and tried them one and all; till, finally, perceiving that he had no hope of mercy, he began to

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blaspheme so horribly that I was obliged to order him to be gagged.

The next morning two companies arrived from Monterey, a council was convened, twenty of the citizens forming themselves into a jury. Fonseca was tried and condemned, both as a traitor and a pirate; and, as shooting would have been too great an honour for such a wretch, he was hanged in company with the few surviving Sandwichers.

Our party had suffered a little in the beginning of the action; three Mexicans had been killed and eighteen wounded, as well as two Apaches. Of my Shoshones, not one received the smallest scratch; and the Arrapahoes, who had been left to scour the prairie, joined us a short time after the battle with a few scalps.

The people of San Francisco were true to their promise; the rescued booty was divided into two equal parts, one of which was offered to the Indians, as had been agreed upon. On

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the eve of our departure, presents were made to us as a token of gratitude, and of course the Indians, having at the first moment of their confederation, made such a successful and profitable expedition, accepted it as a good presage for the future. Their services being no longer required, they turned towards the north, and started for the settlement under the command of Roche, to follow up their original intentions of visiting the Shoshones. As for me, I remained behind at San Francisco.

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CHAPTER XVII.

Up to the present portion of my narrative, I had lived and kept company with Indians and a few white men who had conformed to their manners and customs. I had seen nothing of civilized life, except during my short sojourn at Monterey, one of the last places in the world to give you a true knowledge of mankind. I was as all Indians are, until they have been deceived and outraged, frank, confiding, and honest. I knew that I could trust my Shoshones, and I thought that I could put confidence in those who were Christians and more civilized. But the reader must recollect that I was but nineteen years of age, and had

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been brought up as a Shoshone. My youthful ardour had been much inflamed by our late successful conflicts. Had I contented myself with cementing the Indian confederation I should have done well, but my ideas now went much farther. The circumstances which had just occurred raised in my mind the project of rendering the whole of California independent and it was my ambition to become the liberator of the country.

Aware of the great resources of the territory, of the impassable barriers presented to any large body of men who would invade it from the central parts of Mexico; the more I reflected, the more I was convinced of the feasibility of the undertaking.

I represented to the Californians at San Francisco that, under existing circumstances, they would not be able successfully to oppose any force which the government might send by sea from Acapulco; I pointed out to them that their rulers, too happy in having a pretext

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for plundering them, would shew them no mercy, after what had taken place; and I then represented that if they were at once to declare their independence, and open their ports to strangers, they would, in a short time, become sufficiently wealthy and powerful to overthrow any expedition that might be fitted out against them. I also proposed, as they had no standing troops, to help them with a thousand warriors; but if so, I expected to have a share in the new government that should be established. My San Francisco friends heard me with attention, and I could see they approved the idea; yet there were only a few from among the many who spoke out, and they would not give any final answer, until they had conferred with their countrymen at Monterey. They pledged their honour that immediately on their arrival in that city they would canvas the business, despatch messengers to the southern settlements, and let me know the result.

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As it was useless for me to return to the settlement before I knew their decision, I resolved upon taking my residence at one of the missions on the bay, under the charge of some jolly Franciscan monks.

In the convent, or mission, I passed my time pleasantly; the good fathers were all men of sound education, as indeed they all are in Mexico. The holy fathers were more than willing to separate California from the Mexican government; indeed they had many reasons for their disaffection; government had robbed them of their property, and had levied nearly two hundred per cent. upon all articles of Californian produce and manufacture. Moreover, when they sold their furs and hides to the foreign traders, they were bound to give one half of the receipts to the government, while the other half was already reduced to an eighth, by the Mexican process of charging 200 per cent. duty upon all goods landed on the shore. They gave me to understand that the missions

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would, if necessary for my success, assist me with 15, 20, nay, 30,000 dollars.

I had a pleasant time with these Padres, for they were all *bon vivants*. Their cellars were well filled with Constantia wine, their gardens highly cultivated, their poultry fat and tender, and their game always had a particular flavour. Had I remained there a few months more, I might have taken the vows myself, so well did that lazy, comfortable life agree with my taste; but the Californians had been as active as they had promised to be, and their emissaries came to San Francisco to settle the conditions under which I was to lend my aid. Events were thickening, there was no retreat for me, and I prepared for action.

After a hasty, though hearty, farewell to my pious and liberal entertainers, I returned to the settlement, to prepare for the opening of the drama which would lead some of us either to absolute power or to the scaffold.

Six weeks after my quitting San Francisco,

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I was once more in the field and ready for an encounter against the troops despatched from St. Miguel of Senora, and other central garrisons. On hearing of the defeat of the two governors, about 120 Californians, from Monterey and San Francisco, had joined my forces, either excited by their natural martial spirit, or probably with views of ambition similar to my own.

I had with me 1,200 Indians, well equipped and well mounted; but, on this occasion, my own Shoshones were in greater numbers than our new allies. They numbered 800, forming two squadrons, and their discipline was such as would have been admired at the military parades of Europe. Besides them, I had 300 Arrapahoes and 100 Apaches.

As the impending contest assumed a character more serious than our two preceding skirmishes, I made some alteration in the command, taking under my own immediate orders a body of 250 Shoshones and the Mexi-

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can company, who had brought four small field-pieces. The remainder of my Indians were subdivided into squadrons of 100, commanded by their own respective chiefs. Gabriel, Roche, and my old servant, with two or three clever young Californians, I kept about me, as aides-de-camp. We advanced to the pass, and found the enemy encamped on the plain below. We made our dispositions; our artillery was well posted behind breast-works, in almost an impregnable position, a few miles below the pass, where we had already defeated the governor of Senora. We found ourselves in presence of an enemy inferior in number, but well disciplined, and the owners of four field-pieces heavier than ours. They amounted to about 950, 300 of which were cavalry, and the remainder light infantry, with a small company of artillery.

Of course, in our hilly position our cavalry could be of no use, and as to attacking them in the plain, it was too dangerous to attempt

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it, as we had but 600 rifles to oppose to their superior armament and military discipline. Had it been in a wood, where the Indians could have been under cover of trees, we would have given the war-whoop, and destroyed them without allowing them time to look about them; but as it was, having dismounted the Apaches, and feeling pretty certain of the natural strength of our position, we determined to remain quiet, till a false movement or a hasty attack from the enemy should give us the opportunity of crushing them at a blow.

I was playing now for high stakes, and the exuberancy of spirit which had formerly accompanied my actions had deserted me, and I was left a prey to care, and, I must confess, to suspicion; but it was too late to retrace my steps, and moreover, I was too proud not to finish what I had begun, even if it should be at the expense of my life. Happily, the kindness and friendship of Gabriel and Roche threw a brighter hue upon my thoughts; in them I

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knew I possessed two friends who would never desert me in misfortune whatever they might do in prosperity; we had so long lived and hunted together, shared the same pleasures and the same privations, that our hearts were linked by the strongest ties.

The commander who opposed us was an old and experienced officer, and certainly we should have had no chance with him had he not been one of those individuals who, having been appreciated by the former government, was not in great favour with or even trusted by the present one. Being the only able officer in the far west, he had of a necessity been intrusted with this expedition, but only *de nomine*; in fact, he had with him agents of the government to watch him, and who took a decided pleasure in counteracting all his views; they were young men, without any kind of experience, whose only merit consisted in their being more or less related to the members of the existing government. Every one of them

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wished to act as a general, looking upon the old commander as a mere convenience upon whom they would throw all the responsibility in case of defeat, and from whom they intended to steal the laurels, if any were to be obtained.

This commander's name was Martinez; he had fought well and stoutly against the Spaniards during the war of Independence; but that was long ago, and his services had been forgotten. As he had acted purely from patriotism, and was too stern, too proud, and too honest to turn courtier and bow to upstarts in power, he had left the halls of Montezuma with disgust; consequently he had remained unnoticed, advancing not a step, used now and then in time of danger, but neglected when no longer required.

I could plainly perceive how little unity there was prevailing among the leaders of our opponents. At some times the position of the army shewed superior military genius, at others

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the infantry were exposed, and the cavalry performing useless evolutions. It was evident that two powers were struggling with each other; one endeavouring to maintain regular discipline, the other following only the impulse of an unsteady and overbearing temper. This discovery, of course, rendered me somewhat more confident, and it was with no small pride I reflected that in my army I alone commanded.

It was a pretty sight to look at my Shoshones, who already understood the strength gained by simultaneous action. The Apaches, too, in their frequent encounters with the regular troops, had acquired a certain knowledge of cavalry tactics. All the travellers in Mexico who have met with these intrepid warriors have wondered at their gallant and uniform bearing. The Californians also, having now so much at stake, had assumed a demeanour quite contrary to their usual indolent natures, and their confidence in me was much increased

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since our success against Fonseca, and the comparison they could now make between the disposition and arrangement of the opposed forces. So elated indeed were they and so positive of success, that they frequently urged me to an immediate attack. But I had determined upon a line of conduct to which I adhered.

The Arrapahoes shewed themselves a little unruly; brave, and such excellent horsemen as almost to realize the fable of the Centaurs, charging an enemy with the impetuosity of lightning and disappearing with the quickness of thought, they requested me every moment to engage; but I knew too well the value of regular infantry, and how ineffectual would be the efforts of light cavalry against their bayonets. I was obliged to restrain their ardour by every argument I could muster, principally by giving them to understand that by a hasty attack we should certainly lose the booty.

The moment came at last. The prudence of the old commander having been evidently over-

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ruled by his ignorant coadjutors, the infantry were put in motion, flanked on one side by the cavalry and on the other by the artillery. It was indeed a pitiful movement, for which they paid dearly. I despatched the Arrapahoes to out-flank and charge the cavalry of the enemy when a signal should be made; the Apaches slowly descended the hill in face of the infantry, upon which we opened a destructive fire with our four field-pieces.

The infantry behaved well; they never flinched, but stood their ground as brave soldiers should do. The signal to charge was given to the Arrapahoes, and at that moment the Shoshones, who till then had remained inactive with me on the hill, started at full gallop to their appointed duty. The charge of the Arrapahoes was rapid and terrific, and, when the smoke and dust had cleared away, I perceived them in the plain a mile off, driving before them the Mexican cavalry, reduced to half its number. The Shoshones, by a rapid move-

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ment, had broken through between the infantry and artillery, forcing the artillerymen to abandon their pieces; then, closing their ranks and wheeling, they attacked fiercely the right flank of the infantry.

When I gave the signal to the Arrapahoes to charge, the Apaches quickened their speed and charged the enemy in front; but they were checked by the running fire of the well-disciplined troops, and, in spite of their determination and gallantry, they found in the Mexican bayonets a barrier of steel which their lances could not penetrate.

The chances, however, were still ours: the Mexican artillery was in our power, their cavalry dispersed and almost out of sight, and the infantry, though admirably disciplined, was very hardly pressed both in flank and in front. At this juncture I sent Gabriel to bring back the Arrapahoes to the scene of the conflict, for I knew that the Mexican cavalry would never form again until they had reached the borders

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of Senora. Of course, the coadjutors of Martinez had disappeared with the fugitive cavalry, leaving the old general to regain the lost advantage and to bear the consequences of their own cowardice and folly.

Now left master of his actions, this talented officer did not yet despair of success. By an admirable manœuvre he threw his infantry into two divisions, so as to check both bodies of cavalry until he could form them into a solid square, which, charging with impetuosity through the Shoshones, regained possession of their pieces of artillery, after which, retreating slowly, they succeeded in reaching, without further loss, the ground which they had occupied previous to their advance, which, from its more broken and uneven nature, enabled the infantry to resist a charge of cavalry with considerable advantage.

This manœuvre of the old general, which extricated his troops from their dangerous position and recovered his field-pieces, had also

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the advantage of rendering our artillery of no further service, as we could not move them down the hill. As the battle was still to be fought, I resolved to attack them before they had time to breathe, and while they were yet panting and exhausted with their recent exertions.

Till then the Californians had been merely spectators of the conflict. I now put myself at their head and charged the Mexicans' square in front, while the Shoshones did the same on the left, and the Apaches on the right.

Five or six times were we repulsed, and we repeated the charge, the old commander everywhere giving directions and encouraging his men. Roche and I were both wounded, fifteen of the Californians dead, the ranks of Shoshones much thinned by the unceasing fire of the artillery, and the Apaches were giving way in confusion. I was beginning to doubt of success, when Gabriel, having succeeded in recalling the Arrapahoes from their

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pursuit of the fugitive cavalry, re-formed them, made a furious charge upon the Mexicans on the only side of the square not already assailed, and precisely at the moment when a last desperate effort of the Shoshones and my own body of Californians had thrown the ranks opposed to us into confusion.

The brave old commander, perceiving he could no longer keep his ground, retreated slowly with the intention of gaining the rugged and broken ground at the base of the mountains behind him, where our cavalry could no longer assail him.

Perceiving his intention, and determining, if possible, to prevent his retreat, the Arrapahoes having now rejoined us, we formed into one compact body and made a final and decisive charge, which proved irresistible. We broke through their ranks and dispersed them. For a time my command and power ceased; the Indians were following their own custom of killing without mercy, and scalping the dead. One-

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half of the enemy were destroyed, but Martinez succeeded with the remainder in reaching his intended position.

But the Mexican troops considered it useless to contend any more, and shortly afterwards the old general himself rode towards us with a flag, to ascertain the conditions under which we would accept his surrender. Poor man! He was truly an estimable officer. The Indians opened their ranks to let him pass, while all the Californians, who felt for his mortification, uncovered themselves as a mark of respect. The old general demanded a free passage back to Senora, and the big tears were in his eyes as he made the proposal. Speaking of his younger associates, he never used a word to their disparagement, though the slight curl of his lip shewed plainly how bitter were his feelings; he knew too that his fate was sealed, and that he alone would bear the disgrace of the defeat.

So much was he respected by the Califor-

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nians, that his request was immediately granted, upon his assurance that under no circumstance he would return to California as a foe. As Martinez departed, a Shoshone chief, perceiving that his horse was seriously wounded, dismounted from his own, and addressed him:

"Chief of the Watchinangoes (Mexicans), and brother, brave warrior! a Shoshone can honour as well as fight an enemy: take this horse; it has been the horse of a Red-skin warrior, it will be faithful to the Pale-face."

The general bowed upon his saddle, and descended, saying, in few words, that he now learned to esteem the Indian warriors who had overpowered him on that fated day both by their gallantry and generosity. When the Indian proceeded to change the saddles, Martinez stopped him:

"Nay, brother," said he; "keep it with the holsters and their contents, which are more suitable to a conquerer and a young warrior than to a vanquished and broken-hearted old man."

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Having said this, he spurred his new horse, and soon rejoined his men. We returned to the encampment, and two hours afterwards we saw the Mexicans in full retreat towards the rising sun.

That night was one of mourning; our success had been complete, but dearly purchased. The Arrapahoes alone had not suffered. The Apaches had lost thirty men, the Shoshones one hundred and twelve, killed and wounded, and the Montereyans several of their most respected young citizens. On the following day we buried our dead, and when our task was over, certain that we should remain unmolested for a considerable time, we returned to St. Francisco—the Indians to receive the promised bounty, and I to make arrangements for our future movements.

By the narrative I have given, the reader may have formed an accurate idea of what did take place in California. I subsequently received the Mexican newspapers, containing the account of what occurred; and as these are the

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organs through which the people of Europe are enlightened, as to the events of these distant regions, I shall quote the pages, to shew how truth may be perverted.

"*Chihuahua—News of the West—Californian Rebellion.*—This day arrived in our city a particular courier from the Bishop of Senora, bearer of despatches rather important for the welfare of our government. The spirit of rebellion is abroad; Texas already has separated from our dominions; Yucatan is endeavouring to follow the pernicious example, and California has just now lighted the flambeau of civil war.

"It appears that, excited by the bad advices of foreigners, the inhabitants of Monterey obliged the gallant governor to leave his fireside. This warlike officer found the means of forwarding despatches to Senora, while he himself, uniting a handful of brave and faithful citizens, landed in the bay of St. Francisco, in

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order to punish the rebels. By this time the governor of Senora, with the *élite* of the corps of the army under his orders, having advanced to his help, was decoyed into the rebels' camp under some peaceful pretext, and shamefully murdered.

" It is yet a glory to think that even a Mexican rebel could not have been guilty of so heinous a crime. The performer of that cowardly deed was a Frenchman, living among the Indians of the west, who, for the sake of a paltry sum of gold, came to the aid of the rebels with many thousands of the savages. His next step was to enter St. Francisco, and there, the horrors he committed recal to our mind the bloody deeds performed in his country during the great revolution. But what could be expected from a Frenchman? Fonseca was executed as a malefactor, the city plundered, the booty divided among the red warriors ; besides an immense sum of money which was levied upon the other establishments, or, to say better,

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extorted, upon the same footing as the buccaneers of old.

"The news having reached the central government of the west, General Martinez assumed upon himself the responsibility of an expedition, which, under the present appearances, shewed his want of knowledge, and his complete ignorance of military tactics. He was met by ten thousand Indians, and a powerful artillery served by the crews of many vessels upon the coast—vessels bearing rather a doubtful character. Too late he perceived his error, but had not the gallantry of repairing it and dying as a Mexican should. He fled from the field almost in the beginning of the action, and had it not been for the desperate efforts of the cavalry, and truly wonderful military talents displayed by three or four young officers who had accompanied him, the small army would have been cut to pieces. We numbered but five hundred men in all, and had but a few killed and wounded, while the enemy left behind

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them on the field more than twelve hundred slain.

"The gallant young officers would have proceeded to St. Francisco, and followed up their conquest, had the little army been in possession of the necessary provisions and ammunition; but General Martinez, either from incapacity or treachery, had omitted these two essential necessaries for an army. We are proud and happy to say, that Emanuel Bustamente, the young distinguished officer, of a highly distinguished family, who conducted himself so well in Yucatan during the last struggle, commanded the cavalry, and it is to his skill that we Mexicans owe the glory of having saved our flag from a deep stain.

"Postscriptum.—We perceive that the cowardly and mercenary Martinez has received the punishment his treachery so well deserved; during his flight he was met by some Indians

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and murdered. May divine Providence thus punish all traitors to the Mexican government!"

I regret to say that the last paragraph was true. The brave Martinez, who had stood to the last, who had faced death in many battles, had been foully murdered, but not, as was reported, by an Indian: he had fallen under the knife of an assassin—but it was a Mexican who had been bribed to the base deed.

Up to the present all had prospered. I was called "The Liberator, the Protector of California." Splendid offers were made to me, and the independence of California would have been secured, had I only had two small vessels to reduce the southern sea-ports, which had not yet declared themselves, either fearing the consequences of a rebellion, or disliking the idea of owing their liberation to a foreign *condottiere*, and a large force of savages.

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The Apaches returned home with eighty mules loaded with their booty; so did the Arrapahoes with pretty nearly an equal quantity. My Shoshones I satisfied with promises, and returned with them to the settlement, to prepare myself for forthcoming events.

A few chapters backwards I mentioned that I had despatched my old servant to Monterey. He had taken with him a considerable portion of my jewels and gold to make purchases, which were firmly to establish my power over the Indian confederacy. A small schooner, loaded with the goods purchased, started from Monterey; but never being seen afterwards, it is probable that she fell into the hands of the pirate vessels which escaped from San Francisco.

I had relied upon this cargo to satisfy the just demands of my Indians upon my arrival at the settlement. The loss was a sad blow to me. The old chief had just died, the power had devolved entirely upon me, and it was ne-

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cessary, according to Indian custom, that I should give largess, and shew a great display of liberality on my accession to the command of the tribe; so necessary, indeed, was it, that I determined upon returning to Monterey, *viâ* San Francisco, to provide what was requisite. This step was a fatal one, as will be shewn when I narrate the circumstances which had occurred during my absence.

Upon hearing the news of our movements in the west, the Mexican government, for a few days, spoke of nothing but extermination. The state of affairs, however, caused them to think differently; they had already much work upon their hands, and California was very far off. They hit upon a plan, which, if it shewed their weakness, proved their knowledge of human nature. While I was building castles in the air, agents from Mexico privately came to Monterey and decided the matter.

They called together the Americans domiciled at Monterey, who were the wealthiest and the

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most influential of the inhabitants, and asked them what it was that they required from the government? Diminution of taxes, answered they. It was agreed. What next? Reduction of duty on foreign goods. Agreed again. And next? Some other privileges and dignities. All these were granted.

In return for this liberality, the Mexican agents then demanded that two or three of the lower Mexicans should be hung up for an example, and that the Frenchman and his two white companions should be decoyed and delivered up to the government.

This was consented to by these honest domiciliated Americans, and thus did they arrange to sacrifice me who had done so much for them. Just as every thing had been arranged upon between them and the agents, I most unfortunately made my appearance, with Gabriel and Roche, at the mission at San Francisco. As soon as they heard of our arrival, we were requested to honour them with our company at a

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public feast, in honour of our success!! It was the meal of Judas. We were all three seized and handed over to the Mexican agents. Bound hand and foot, under an escort of thirty men, the next morning we set off to cross the deserts and prairies of Senora, to gain the Mexican capital, where we well knew that a gibbet was to be our fate.

Such was the grateful return we received from those who had called us to their assistance.* Such was my first lesson in civilized life!

* Americans, or Europeans, who wish to reside in Mexico, are obliged to conform to the Catholic religion, or they cannot hold property and become resident merchants. These were the apostates for wealth who betrayed me.

END OF VOL. I.

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